

THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE GOOD TURN

THE relationship between the Shearer inquiry and the arrival of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would be quite clear even if the Senate committee had not suddenly ordered a pause in the hearings. It was doubtless admitted on both sides that progress toward settling differences of opinion between the United States and Great Britain regarding navy problems could not be made while influences typified by the now famous discoverer of "amazing documents" remained at work. We have a suspicion that the name of Shearer was mentioned frequently during the Dawes-MacDonald conferences. It is a good bet that Mr. Dawes relayed the matter to the White House. And thus, out of a practical wish to halt armament competition between the only two nations competent to indulge in it, there was born an investigation destined to make every citizen think about certain underlying causes of international hostility.

Now comes the announcement that Mr. John MacNab, eminent San Francisco lawyer, has been given the task of carrying through a study of prohibition law enforcement and of drawing up a more effective plan. One feels reasonably sure that the appointee is able and courageous. But one cannot help noticing that

Mr. Hoover's campaign assurance that the problem created by the Eighteenth Amendment would be studied carefully and calmly has now dwindled into one practical recommendation—that the Department of Justice be supplied with the best possible plan for enforcing the law. On the surface this event may look like a mere sound deduction from the thesis that all legislation is sacred and must be enforced. Viewed politically, however, it means that the President accepts as binding the will of what he conceives to be the majority of voters responsible for his election. It is hard to believe that such procedure is either statesmanship of a high order or divination of a public moral problem.

From the point of view of good government, the solution of the liquor puzzle is quite as important as the removal of a provocation to war. In one sense it is decidedly more vital. Periods of conflict do, at least, intensify the devotion of citizens to their government and so stimulate the public service; but the continuance of bootlegging and legalized murder loosen the social grip and weaken the consciousness of civic duty. If the people are not even permitted to think about this matter in any official way, if all earnest discussions of

the rightness of the solution proposed in 1917 are banned, the time has come to ask why. What is the character of the propagandist forces which have so completely muzzled Washington that elected representatives will drink jovially in private but faint at the very mention of drink in public? Are they made in the image of Mr. Shearer, possessing threats which have all the pressure of realities? Or are they gentle lambs whose candor is proof against the seductions of this world?

One good turn deserves another. A country bent on finding out the forces which have struggled to increase the fighting craft might well be a country interested in discerning whether a specific attempt to impose "morality" has itself been strictly moral. We admit that a nation which decides to adopt prohibition is also a nation which is entitled to get prohibition. But it is, to say the least, very odd that after a dozen years of "experiment," the force most genuinely responsible for the continued virility of the Eighteenth Amendment is not public opinion, not a department of the government, not a share of the police forces, but a bureau which exists on the margin of all these and expresses the will of a definite group. After all the legitimacy with which Mr. Shearer veiled his defense of a "big navy program" does not differ in essentials from the legitimacy with which the Anti-saloon League has invested its conduct.

Last year the work of the Geneva Conference came to an abrupt stop. This year the same tasks there confronted are being taken up with renewed hope, precisely because citizens everywhere are being made to see the issue at stake and the nature of the groups concerned with it. The result greatly justifies renewed confidence in public opinion. Why, then, is this totally barred from consideration of the most weighty matter in the current catalogue of problems? One cannot help feeling that Mr. John MacNab should, with a view to his own eventual success, decide whether the American people can reasonably be expected to obey a law in the reasonableness of which they do not believe and regarding the paternity of which they have no doubts. It is to be hoped that he will.

WEEK BY WEEK

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has arrived and found a cordial welcome. One must believe he is absolutely sincere in the endeavor to remove causes of dissension between Great Britain and the United States, so that much profit may be expected from the visit. At the same time it is essential to avoid the semblance of anything like an Anglo-

A Caution
Light

American entente. We need to remember the flurry caused by news of a "secret treaty" between England and France and to bear in mind what constructions may be put upon premature "harmony" pronouncements by public opinion on the continent. A recent news bulle-

tin issued by the Foreign Policy Association therefore properly raises a caution signal. To arouse French suspicion now would mean injecting an element of serious mistrust into the coming disarmament conference. Paris statesmen are obliged, whether they so desire or not, to treat the problem of security as incomparably important. Opinion in their country has always held that armed strength is a unit—that the sum total of a nation's land and sea forces constitutes its real effectiveness against possible attack. Acceptance of the naval quotas arrived at during the Washington conference therefore strengthened the French resolve to maintain a large standing army and to project the development of auxiliary craft. At present all talk of further coöperation toward disarmament might very easily be blocked if Paris refused to discuss naval parity for its own sake.

SOME newspapers are again suggesting that the best proof which Great Britain could offer us of her friendship would be to surrender her naval defenses in the West Indies. Yet it is doubtful what advantages, real or theoretical, there could be for us in a disarmed Caribbean. Mr. MacDonald's statement that Great Britain will not arm against the United States applies to those islands as well as to cruisers, and likewise his complementary statement that Great Britain's defenses must be kept in line with the ambitions of other powers. In the Caribbean, for instance, there is the threat of raiders to be considered. But no part of this question can have a bearing on Great Britain's friendship for ourselves. So near to home, we are all powerful, and if we should ever need the islands in the defense of the Panama Canal, we could take them without trouble. The good-will that must be proved here is our own, especially since Englishmen have not forgotten what ex-Senator James Reed used to say about the British West Indies lying in the path of our "manifest destiny." And so it is not a question of whether Great Britain should give up her bases there, but whether we wish to guarantee the defense of the islands against aggression by others or by ourselves.

THOUGH Dr. Gustav Stresemann was expected to retire from German public affairs at an early date, his sudden death nevertheless seriously affects the political outlook of the Reich. The six years during which he served as Foreign Minister sufficed to lay the foundations of a newly Europeanized Germany, anxious to secure the good-will of neighboring peoples and determined to abandon all schemes of unprofitable reaction. But there is no denying the fact that the fruits of this policy may depend, in the immediate future, upon minor political incidents requiring firm and intelligent diplomacy. Herr Stresemann was the reason why the Deutsche Volkspartei existed;

Exponent of
the New
Germany

and in a country invariably ruled by a coalition government, he represented (in a sense originally implied by our own constitution) an industrialist group steadily interested in a practical point of view. His power was based, therefore, upon success in effecting "possibilist" compromises between a nationalist Right and a radical Left. This was no easy task in a country embittered by defeat and privation, easily startled by alleged new threats from the outside, and torn between affection for an old régime and dissatisfaction with a new. Stresemann's achievement coincides almost perfectly with his willingness to sacrifice himself. He must abide in the memory of his countrymen as one of several officials about whom it is almost literally true to say that they slaved themselves to death for a country abandoned in the hour of defeat by its one-time emperor. Thus example has served to prove the feasibility of the new German democracy, even as it helped to persuade alien nations out of intransigent attitudes toward their former foe.

A NEW idea in religious teaching may safely be termed an experiment toward meeting the old request for more religion in the training of youth. The University of Iowa has established a school of religion, in which Catholic, Protestant and Jewish professors offer instruction of the sort which each considers legitimate. "There is," a bulletin declares, "no attempt to reduce religious interpretation to a common level of agreement. On the contrary, the aim is to teach religion in the fullest and terms in which each individual or group conceives it." A board of trustees representing the various faiths in the state exercise general supervision over the enterprise; and though a private donor bears the administrative expenses of the school, the several professors are supported by their own faiths. Needless to say, Iowa Catholics and their bishops have endorsed the plan heartily, so that the Reverend J. Elliot Ross, newly appointed to the school, begins his work under the best possible auspices. We believe that when once set in effective operation the plan will do very much to wither the roots of intolerant misunderstanding, and to awaken a deeper respect for religion in the district which the University serves.

YOU and I may not care to be whizzed off toward the moon in Herr Fritz von Opel's "rocket plane," but apparently there are many applicants for tickets—return or otherwise. It is regrettable as well as amusing that so much excess imagination should have been enkindled by aircraft. The technological speculations bound up with the rocket idea lend themselves to fanciful treatment, even though they are in essence specifically scientific. If a ship could reach the stratosphere and there proceed merrily on its way, resistance would be minimized with an in-

calculable increase in speed and motive energy. But how to get there and how to act upon arrival are puzzles which men will doubtless investigate at the cost of their lives, even as the mysteries of the Arctic and the wastes of the Soudan have been explored. When the first rocket planes come tumbling from incredible heights, mankind will behold another vivid commentary upon its abiding inward unrest. For it does not suffice that rocket propulsion seems to be, eventually at least, a safe and economical method of travel across the Channel or Lake Erie. There is satiety rather than satisfaction in the practical. Dreams torment the conqueror. Ultimately we desire nothing more fervently than escape from our successes.

AS REMARKABLE an editorial as we have ever read is printed in the current issue of the Nation under the caption, Murder in a Maze.

Thinking It deals with the recent Peacock murder trial, and draws certain moral and philosophical deductions therefrom.

First we have a description of the mean and pitiful tragedy of the heartless girl and the brainless boy, leading up to the murder. Then the trial is recounted, with indignant emphasis upon "the judge in his robes," "the jury of twelve men," and the endeavor of "the august state of New York" to establish premeditation. Paragraph three ventures a diagnosis: "The old authorities and traditions are gone. . . . A young man and woman are bound no longer by fear of punishment here or hereafter and have not yet the necessary integrity themselves to make rules of conduct by which, in a society of individuals, they must live." The concluding paragraph, after glancing back contemptuously once more at "authority—of the church, the home, the state," all of which "maintained themselves because the people they governed knew very little about the world"—finds cheer in the reflection that such a transitory period is probably "inevitable in the education of a free people." It concludes with these ringing words: "Meanwhile we have young men and women, and often older ones, wandering around in a kind of maze of things to do, of places to go. But at least they are doing something and not nothing; they are moving and not standing still."

IN SO brief a space we cannot do anything like justice to this bewildering pronouncement. For example, the Nation's quarrel with "the august state of New York" because it followed the usual criminal procedure (incidentally, in spite of the judge's robes and the number of the jury, it reached a sane and humane second-degree verdict) is too obscure to be more than glanced at. It is the little treatise on authority, and the little triumph of social optimism, that must engross our few remaining sentences. There are various philosophies of authority, including the negative philosophy of anarchy; but the Nation is no anarchist. Far from it.

Every considerable issue, social, psychological and political, finds it leading the doctrinaires in confident assertiveness. It is only other people's authority that the Nation disallows—notably the old corporate authority “of the church, the home, the state.” And it is so eager to be shut of this that it is evidently willing to dispense with the incidental good which flows from it. It *might*, this old-fashioned authority, have prevented the Peacock tragedy, but no matter. People like the principals of that tragedy will some day, presumably by dissipating their carefully accumulated moral heritage, gain “the necessary integrity to make rules of conduct by which they must live.” By running the gamut of irresponsibility and negation, they will eventually become responsible and affirmative. For they are “at least doing something” (if it is only committing murder); “not nothing”—which includes, naturally, the refraining from murder out of “fear of punishment here or hereafter.” Tennyson trusted that somehow good would be the final goal of ill, but as a truster, the Nation makes Tennyson look like an amateur. Tennyson, at any rate, was never carried to the point of reading the major premise of evolutionary optimism backward. Even in the ecstasies of the Larger Hope, he clung to logic—the authority of which has evidently been jettisoned, along with other valueless authorities, by the Nation. He perceived that what he considered to be justice and enlightenment were often purchased at the cost of what he considered to be injustice and barbarity, but he did not therefore conclude that every instance of injustice and barbarity pointed inevitably to the victory of the forces of light.

MODERN French art has given rise to almost as much acrid debating as—to use a convenient example—has ebbed round the flexible tariff.

The Successor of Rodin And if the work of Emile Antoine Bourdelle, the sculptor whose death has just been reported, be accepted as fairly representative, attention is directed to fundamental conceptions likely to remain topics for heated discussion. Bourdelle reflects, to begin with, the prevalent insistence upon honesty in the use of materials. Though not himself an adept with the chisel, he conceived of all statuary as something to be developed out of basic stone; and perhaps no modern sculpture is more faithful to architectural requirements than his famous bas reliefs at the theatre of the Champs-Élysées or his Virgin and Child, which crowns one of the Vosges peaks. Regarding the first a noted critic, M. Fosca, remarks that they “cling to the wall, and associate themselves organically with it.” For this reason Bourdelle, though an acute observer of nature, never hesitated to “deform” bodies when structural requirements rendered that action at once advisable and imperative.

MANIFESTLY influenced by old Greek and Assyrian art, he gave to many of his most ambitious

works an archaic flavor which at times seems exotic. Here he was following the same urge to be “loyally French” which is noticeable in the music of Debussy. Indeed Bourdelle went quite far in his repudiation of the renaissance, which he asserted had “denationalized the French genius, expressed with so much originality in mediaeval art.” Perhaps his reversion to more antique models may even be accounted for by his discernment of their kinship with the iconography of the middle-ages. Nevertheless he was never an imitator and only occasionally an expressionist. Tradition of the purest sort is reflected in his guiding phrase: “The spirit conceives in the material, the material surrenders to the spirit.” One discerns the nature of his creative activity in an anecdote which many have enjoyed. Critics declared that the coiffure of the Virgin in Bourdelle's famous statue was clearly copied from some Byzantine original. The fact was, however, that he had studied the folds in the kerchief which his attentive housemaid bound round her head. Thus, in a manner characteristically modern, he welded observation and knowledge according to a formula which embodied firmly accepted principle. An art so thoroughly human may raise many questions but hardly deserves frightened accusations of decadence.

AT THE recent meeting of the Circulation Vigilance Committee of the Catholic Press Association, it was declared that the clergy, the press and the public are beginning to coöperate with the Committee in a most gratifying way. Financial support and “appropriate publicity” have been freely given.

Selling the Catholic Press According to Reverend Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J., chairman, “Perhaps the most encouraging feature is the realization on the part of Catholic publishers generally of what the Committee's work signifies for all in the field. It is the most potent means for discharging their ‘group responsibility’ by exercising the necessary vigilance in eradicating abuses and improving conditions so as to obtain the circulation without which Catholic periodicals cannot hope to progress.” Good news was his announcement that the Committee will ask the clergy and the public to insist that agents present credentials bearing its seal of approval. This should result in the elimination of one nuisance, and we hope that the Committee will find an equally effective way for getting rid of agents whose methods are questionable, however worthy their credentials may be. Not an amusing scandal is that so many reputable journals should be sold by a shady, if high-powered technique, one point of which is to question the religious sincerity of anyone who hesitates to sign on the dotted line. Some Catholic magazines will deserve and receive much more respect when the principles which inform their pages are reflected in their business organizations, and the courtesy of their editors guides their solicitors. It is only through the latter, after all,

that they can make a personal contact with the larger part of their public.

SO RARELY does a member of a professional group attack the ability of that profession that when it does happen the criticism must carry considerable weight. Thus Dr. Edward Everett Hicks, Brooklyn psychiatrist, after suggesting to the Crime Commission of New York State the appointment of a board to examine alienists, goes on to warn the Commissioners to "never let a psychiatrist tell you what to do with a delinquent or a criminal. Yes, I'm one of them, but you should never let us tell you what to do with these people. We are too theoretical. . . . Psychiatrists will always find something wrong with the person who has done wrong." The world knows this too well. Few murder trials today fail to involve the testimony of alienists which represents that the prisoner at the bar was both sane and insane at the time of the crime. Certainly Dr. Hicks's plan that alienists for both the defense and the state examine the defendant jointly and agree on their findings or "be able to give the court a mighty good reason for disagreeing," has elements of common sense which are lacking in the present method. The psychiatrists are greatly responsible for the acceptance of temporary insanity as a non vult plea; it is up to them to prevent this plea from becoming, as it threatens to be, an omnibus in which all murderers hope to escape full legal punishment for their crimes.

A NEW idea is a new idea, and we are indebted to the linesman who recently repaired our telephone for this one. It came out during the course of that courteous small talk by which these men always soothe and entertain those whose premises they are forced to invade. It was not, let us hastily explain, a technical idea; the linesman did not speak qua linesman. He spoke as a born and bred Manhattanite, with that rather heavy touch of honesty and literalness which, let the hinterland sophisticate believe it or not, distinguishes all such. His wife, he said was "in the show business." Indeed, she was at this moment suing a Texas producer who had taken her from a successful vaudeville dance act on a large salary guarantee and then failed to make good. And, said this linesman, "It serves him right. There's altogether too many of these out-of-town false alarms think they can get away with anything in New York. Say, you'd be surprised. The only people working for an honest living here are those that was born here." This is so startling that we incline to believe it. It is not the sort of thing anyone could imagine or make up. But what a blow at immemorial tradition! There's one born every minute in New York—so might run the paraphrase of one of our most sapient generalizations—and two in Keokuk and Snake Bite to take him.

If the city slicker and the honest hayseed really have exchanged rôles, a quarter of the stories, half of the songs and practically all of the jokes of centuries will have to be rewritten.

WE DO not understand why the work of the Board of Censors in Boston should excite such extended and solemn comment. A truly modern attitude toward the proscription of an issue of Scribner's containing an installment of Mr. Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, for instance, should result in applause, since the incident gave satisfaction to some people without harming anyone. From the point of view of the author and publishers, it was rather a happy turn of affairs. A book or magazine suppressed in Boston customarily enjoys increased sales, not only in the rest of the United States, but in Boston, too. The Board of Censors there has been an invaluable aid to the publishing business in this country. It hardly deserves being analyzed in this way: "The cause of censorship is not psychic sickness but mental rigidity, a certain lack of plasticity and give and take, and a rather profound, and probably logical, distrust of life." The quotation is from the recent writings of Professor Rogers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has been celebrated heretofore as an amusing fellow. But everyone seems to lose his sense of humor where Boston is concerned, except the censors. We confess to a certain envy of the delight that must be theirs in the excitement which they can stir up all over the United States.

WE HAVE been much taken with news from Scotland that the inmates of a workhouse in Lanarkshire have demanded that the authorities provide them with a putting green. This, we think, is the attitude which all wards of the state might properly assume. It is increasingly said that asylums for the poor and friendless should be equipped for comfort, even for pleasure; should have less the atmosphere of a penal institution, and more the quality of a home. Of this sentiment the beneficiaries of the British Poor Laws seem to be aware, and we are glad they have asked for proof that it is not a hollow one. The success of their petition would establish a precedent which might eventually have its influence in America. And here, where we do things on a bigger scale, not a putting green should be expected, but a nine-hole course—eighteen being rather too much for aged legs. Such a development would have its considerable satisfactions for all of us—not alone those who are charges upon the county's hospitality. With the prospect of the poorhouse deprived of its last horror, we should take gaily the various buffetings of fortune, look with a brighter eye upon our present circumstances, and with a good deal of serenity and cheer toward the future.

NORTH CAROLINA'S GOVERNOR

IN THE North there is a generally accepted portrait of any governor of North Carolina. He is a gentleman of old family. He is casually interested in books and in outdoor recreations. Each afternoon, from five to six, he sits on the shady side of his veranda, and considers the affairs of state. Whenever a problem of importance is brought to his attention, he shrugs his shoulders, picks up his palm-leaf fan, puts his feet on the rail, and turns to his neighbor, the governor of South Carolina, with a reminder. We have now evidence that the portrait is not a speaking likeness of the present governor, O. Max Gardner. He has been occupied with the really important problems of his administration in a way which suggests that his true characteristics are conscientiousness, energy and public spirit. He has been worried over the ills which have accompanied the social and economic readjustment, and he believes that the people of his state have suffered more than was necessary in the change from agriculture to industry. He has something to say, and it is not the celebrated line. It is this:

"We cannot build a prosperous citizenship on low wages."

One of the attractions which the South deliberately offered industry was the chance for cheap labor. Why industry should have been desirable on those conditions is a question asked some time ago. The statement that the workers in the mills are better off now than they were on their mountain farms will not bear examination. In both places they are wretchedly poor, in both they receive small return for labor, but on the farms, at least, they had a measure of independence. And they had more livable surroundings. But possibly we should not place too much faith in descriptions of company houses written by labor-minded reporters from the North.

"We cannot build an efficient labor force on extremely long hours."

He might have added that there is no possibility of developing a civilization where large numbers of men are required to work sixty or seventy hours every week in order to make a scanty living.

"Along with the right of capital to protection goes the right of the laborer to protection plus the security of safety, of freedom to move and live and work in security, whether the moving and living and working are to the ends that you and I may wish or not."

So far there has been devised only one means for insuring labor that sort of protection. It is through organization. The hostility of southern manufacturers to organized labor has not, we are told, been decreased by recent events, although for a while the influence of the radical National Textile Workers' Union made it appear that the overtures of the United Textile Workers, attached to the American Federation of Labor would be welcomed. But all recent correspondence from the South indicates that the American Federation

of Labor will have a hard struggle to get established there. One thing in its favor is that southern workers are much more hospitable toward the idea of organization than they were formerly. Although the governor has had nothing to say about unions directly, he must favor organization and collective bargaining if he means anything by these words: "What we want is orderly, restrained struggle for change. What we want is freedom in which ideas and opinions may be advanced, and a tolerance which will permit the advancing of ideas and opinions regardless of whether they are in tune with your own thought or mine."

To some it may appear that part of the recent troubles might have been averted, or at least modified, if the governor had spoken out so frankly a year ago. It is a matter of sufficient congratulation, we think, that he should have spoken now, no doubt to the deep amazement and most utter deep disgust of the *Gastonia Gazette*.

FAITH ON EASY TERMS

IT IS curiously typical of the nation's "spiritual condition" that the press notices of what was said on Sunday, September 29, should include remarks as disparate in character as those uttered by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock and Dr. Charles Francis Potter. Addressing a Washington audience of Catholic women, Mr. Woodlock declared: "The notion that religion has been discredited and displaced by science has infiltrated the popular mind from top to bottom. The natural result is that we hear from multitudinous 'Christian pulpits,' high and low, a demand that outworn creeds shall be replaced by creeds which accord with 'modern knowledge,' or by no creeds at all." Meanwhile Dr. Potter was launching a "new religion," and finding that the hall in New York which he had secured for the occasion was too small to accommodate the crowd of curious, inquiring or merely trusting souls who had gathered for the occasion. He averred that he had started the brand-new "humanism" movement because of "a sense of dissatisfaction with existing religions, growing out of conscientious scruples at trying to twist texts and creeds to fit modern needs." And what is this "humanism"? In several respects it is the plainest common sense, long so familiar to the central tradition of Christendom that it seems unbelievable that anybody could profess to having just hatched it out in profound meditation. That man should endeavor to remove the causes of injustice and suffering is hardly a novel ethical formula; and the fact that there are truths in all genuine religions was relatively familiar even to the Doctors of the Church. But Dr. Potter apparently sees no way of salvaging these truths excepting through proclamations that the supernatural does not exist, that sin and salvation are matters of no importance and that humanity is its own chief end.

We refer to these declarations primarily because

they so strongly support the views of Mr. Woodlock. It is abidingly true that "modern knowledge" has shaken the confidence of millions in an "old religion," while leaving them unflinchingly convinced that the race must continue to trust and practise a moral code. The recent books of Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. Lewis Mumford have essayed to find a solution for the point of view here involved, and may fairly claim a certain eminence. It is not a slur upon, it is an explanation of, them to say that they express the spiritual dissatisfaction of the modern Jew who has been severed from his religious community. Faith has no greater law than that of corporate existence. In so far as a creed has in it, verily, the sap of God, it tends to unify organically—after the manner of the sublime metaphor of vine and tendrils—those who make profession of it. And the Jew who seeks to live as an individual in our at least nominally Christian world, who finds the way back into the temple obscured, inevitably surrenders that sense of "being together with others" so essential in all Hebraic history. The doctrine of Walter Lippmann is, therefore, not so much a series of deductions from "science" as a very taut formula for absolute spiritual individualism. When one finds that its chief maxim is disinterestedness in the face of the baubles this world offers in exchange for the soul, one realizes again that this is no modern point of view. It is Spinoza reappearing in the twentieth century, less isolated from social hopes, less estranged from the community, hopeful even of becoming a professor. And it is also, we Christians may confess to our shame, a commentary upon the impression which the chaos, the weakness and the venality of our own living makes upon an outsider.

What more could one admit than that Dr. Potter, once a minister of a Christian sect, should now foot it so contentedly in the wake of Mr. Lippmann? Look at his program: there is not a thing in it but is shabbily restated after the model, not a recommendation which reveals this founder of a "new religion" as anything more dignified than a parrot. Thus we come upon a fundamental problem—the problem of convincing men and women who have lost their grip upon eternal verities that strength is promised them only from within. In all centuries the Christian has been aware of the pressure of those vast portions of mankind which have followed other guides. The charm of gnostic and Mohammedan prophets lured whole nations away from the Church. Even the elect were sometimes haunted by the visions conjured up by rationalism. And so it is not to be expected that we, living in an equally unsettled time, should fail to notice even spiritually, even in the depth of our hearts, the pulse of a world that is not our own. What a plenitude of meaning history has for us here! It tells us that precisely this consciousness of difference which the Christian entertains regarding the surrounding world is the great flail of his winnowing. There awaits him only one saving choice. Not to barter the

chrisom of his own soul. Not to stay away from the houses of publicans, sinners and unbelievers. Not to hide the spark within him under a convenient bushel. But this and this only: to carry the lantern on firmly, even though it bloom into a cross. The easiest thing in the world is surrender, and the easiest thing after that is fear that one might surrender if one got even as near the front as the heavy artillery.

This last point is made clear by the circumstance that both Mr. Woodlock and Dr. Potter referred approvingly to those apostles of humanism, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. It may be said in passing that nothing could be farther apart than the new Potterism and the writings of More and Babbitt. Whoever may have said that man is inherently good, it was certainly not Professor Babbitt. The diverse negators of the supernatural have many names, but that of More is not among them. Neither man has denied the importance of religion, and one has written a most impressive defense of the Christian religion. To be accurate about such details is, however, scarcely the business of one who has been dumfounded by "modern knowledge." That so lurid a mistake could be made is, nevertheless, a clue to a fundamental defect in the humanistic system of More and Babbitt. Basically an endeavor to defend the moral and cultural realities of civilization, this system is a very able plea for the idea of man sponsored by Christendom. It is an advocacy of the reason that has gone hand in hand through the ages with religion. But you cannot now separate the one from the other. You cannot demand that man save himself if, as a matter of fact, it was God who originally saved man. And because humanism does in fact isolate the human, it is always in danger of being misunderstood and palmed off by spiritual racketeers.

On the other hand, let us admit with concern that, in our hands, Christianity has not been able vigorously to proclaim its own sublime conception of the race. Sometimes fanatically identifying it with a specific moral desire, sometimes selling its mystery of charity for nationalistic applause, sometimes resigning from a cultural mission because of timidity or even sloth, Christians as a whole might well seem a swarm of acrid gossipers, among whom only the half-forgotten Rock of Peter looms like a worthy testimonial to immortality. Therefore when one goes from the sanctuary, hoping that one's eye may see truth, it is not an infrequent surprise to find that realities appear before one's eyes, blossoming in answer to a quest. We believe that some of realities are present in the thought of humanists like More and Babbitt. But the place of these things is in the Church, beside other and still more redemptive realities. And one may surmise that even the marble-like soul of More will rock with unexpected gusts of laughter at the thought that humanism should find its apostle in the person of Dr. Potter, who advocates a double wedding ring and who counts on radio and airships to bring glad tidings to America.

PARTING FROM MARYKNOLL

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A BRONZE temple bell hung from a cross-bar between two posts on a hilltop above the broad river drenched by the changing dyes of the sunset. Two men in robes of black and white struck the bell alternately with heavy hammers. There were strange things suggested by the sounds of that brazen bell. The tones were harsh, yet solemn. Heard afar off, they made you think of funeral bells tolling. Or of bells struck by watchers giving warning of the approach of danger. Near at hand, you heard vibrant undertones—sweet, plaintive, yearning.

A great crowd of men, women and children became silent as the first stroke sounded. Those already seated composed themselves expectantly; those who had been walking or standing at once sought their chairs. By far the greater number were upon a stone balcony that ran across the front of a great stone building facing the river with wings on either side forming three sides of a court, the fourth side being open to frame the hilltop, so that the people looked toward the bell and the open country below and the broad river, and the hills across the river. As the sun dropped behind the western hills the sky changed from red to glowing gold, and above the gold it was purple, with a faint silver moon. The tower of the huge building was curved at the top like a pagoda. Flags and banners here and there were attached to the walls. The vast court was empty except for a row of benches arranged before an altar upon which candles burned and flickered in the soft breeze.

The sound of the temple bell ceased; another, very different sound took its place; the strains of an organ, and men's voices chanting as a procession emerged from the great stone building into the court, and approached the altar, led by one who bore a crucifix.

They chanted the glorious Cantic of Zachary, that noble burst of poetry and prophecy which united the Old and the New Law when Mary stood in the temple at Jerusalem with Christ in her arms two thousand years ago. Particularly significant were the verses:

For thou shall go before the face of the Lord to prepare
His ways.

To give knowledge of salvation to His people unto the
remission of their sins.

To enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow
of death.

For there were ten young men in that procession, on

Maryknoll, home of the Catholic Missionary Society of America, is faithful to an annual ceremony which has stirred numberless souls. Young priests bound for alien lands march in procession to the altar of Him they are to serve at whatever cost or peril. The color and significance of this rite form the subject of Mr. Williams's paper, which has also been designed as a sketch of the work of Maryknoll. This endeavor is of interest to all Americans, because it is a lofty expression of the religious idealism which, in spite of appearances, has been an essential aspect of the national culture.—The Editors.

their way to the altar, there to have a crucifix hung about their necks, there to pledge themselves for life to the service of Christ in His Church, as foreign missionaries, and from there they were starting at once on a journey of many thousands of miles, to the far distant lands from which the

great temple bell had come, the Orient.

They stood or sat or knelt apart, these ten young men, during the ceremony that followed, grouped at one side of the altar. Opposite sat two bishops of the Church, and seminary professors, and their superior: veterans of that army which they were entering as recruits. On the other benches before the altar were their younger companions, not yet to be given their commissions, still to be trained and tested. On the balcony above them were their fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, friends and visitors, and nuns and novices of the congregation, vowed as they were vowed to the central, predominant mission of the Catholic Church: the spreading of the Faith. Their years of study were over. Nine of them had been newly ordained as priests. The tenth was a layman, a brother. In the chapel in the great building behind them they had knelt for the last time at the Altar of the Relics, where stand enshrined a fragment of the True Cross, and relics of many martyrs, from Saint Paul, who died in Rome so long ago, to Théophane Vénard, who was beheaded in Tongkin only yesterday, as time counts in the Church.

Their superior advanced to the altar. The simple—profoundly simple—prayers of the Itinerarium, the prayers of the Church for her children who go on journeys, were said, and then the ten young men came and knelt before him, and he hung a crucifix on each one's breast and read aloud their names and the place to which each one was sent. And they answered with their Prepositum, their pledge to remain for life in the service of their congregation. They returned to their seats. One of the two bishops advanced to a pulpit. The light had now gone from the earth, but in its withdrawal had concentrated itself in the sky in a serene glory of gold. All the faces lifted toward the bishop were lighted with that glow. The breeze had passed with the sunset. The deep silence deepened. The tall slight figure of young Bishop Walsh—who only ten years ago had himself been a young man going forth on the way of the cross from this very spot, and who had only just come back from China for the first chapter of his congregation, and who soon would

return to the field afar—was outlined against the golden sky. The marks of ten years of exile and privation and suffering and incredible toil were on his face, and in his emaciated body; but his voice expressed his spirit: strong, clear, serene. His words were the simple setting forth of the unalterable truth first uttered by the Captain of the army: that nothing at all in this world matters in comparison with the salvation of souls. They, the ten young men to whom he spoke, were pledged to the service of that truth. So, indeed, were all the members of the Church, but they in a special manner. Therefore they must suffer: souls could not be served or won except by and through sacrifice and suffering; but if they were faithful, they could and they would rejoice in suffering and sacrifice: they would give up pleasure—yes; and then they would know what happiness was.

Then their superior briefly spoke, and in his own words he said what their young companion Bishop had said. But he added something else; he spoke of another motive for the life they were entering: a lesser motive, no doubt, but his words concerning it entered their hearts with a special force that could not help but strengthen them.

For all this happened here at home, on the banks of the Hudson River, not far from the toppling towers of New York City, and the ten young men were all Americans, from Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, and New York; and their companions who, next year or in the years after that, will follow them, will come, as those before this year have come, from all parts of the United States. And their superior was reminding them, and reminding their families, and reminding all of us, that only a very few years ago there were no seminaries for the training of American foreign missionaries; that only a few Americans had, as individuals, taken up this central labor of the Church. Also, and here his words cut deeper, only a few years ago it was believed and said in Rome, and in France and Belgium and Spain and Germany, all over the Catholic world, indeed, it was believed and said that, while American Catholics were no doubt energetic at home, and were great builders and organizers at home, and very powerful and growing prodigiously at home, they obviously were unfit for the hard, stern, severe labors of the foreign missions. Steam heat, and bathrooms, and motor cars, and comforts of all sorts—these were American; and plenty of dollars. A great part of the American dollars, it was true, went to the foreign mission field; but as a great American Paulist—Father Elliott—said in a letter to the superior of the congregation whose words are now being paraphrased: "Have the Catholics of America nothing but dollars to give?" But all this could not be said any longer. Americans had proven that they indeed had other things than dollars to give: they had given, and increasingly would give, their lives.

So, too, in his own words, and as the representative of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, spoke Bishop

Dunn: whose own eyes had seen his American brothers at work in the fields afar: whose own ears had listened to the high praise bestowed by commanders of the army of Christ concerning the American recruits upon the frontiers of the Faith. Then he gave the triple blessing of his high office: that blessing which, then as always, passed beyond and above the personal meaning and warmth which, indeed, it also conveyed, becoming the vehicle for the communication of the spirit of the Church itself: the Church of the indwelling Christ. And the young priests also bestowed their blessings. And the superior took each one in his arms, and the lay brother as well, and gave them the kiss of peace, and the other priests advanced to share in it, and the seminarians and postulants sang the Departure Hymn: "Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers!" And then a bell again was heard; but now it was not the brazen clangor of the heathen temple bell; it was the fine, silver tinkle of the bell announcing the approach of the Blessed Sacrament; and all other sounds died away before the still small voice which made such a mighty announcement. Then amid incense and singing and lights, Benediction was given, and the ceremony was over.

And one of the Maryknoll priests approached the mother of one of the ten young men, and said, for he wished to comfort her: "Congratulations—and my deepest sympathy."

She answered: "I'll only take your congratulations, father." That mother was the voice of the soul of Maryknoll.

It was only seventeen years ago, in 1912, that Father James Anthony Walsh, the founder, and the present superior, with five companions, crowded into a carriage meant for four, holding a few oil lamps in their hands, and drove through the raw September evening to take possession of the property at Maryknoll. For a year they had been tentatively located at Hawthorne, six miles from Ossining, where Maryknoll is situated. For many years before that, Father Walsh, as diocesan director for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston, had been steadily though slowly moving toward the attempt to realize an ideal, namely, the establishment in the United States of a seminary for the training of foreign missionaries. Other priests—only a few at that time—dreamed of the same ideal: Father Price, laboring as an apostle in North Carolina; Father Francis C. Kelley, now bishop of Oklahoma, and founder of the Church Extension Society which has accomplished such great things; Father Elliott, the Paulist, and others as well. Among the hierarchy, too, the vision was cherished. What Father George G. Powers, one of the Maryknoll congregation, in his book, *The Maryknoll Movement*, describes as "the day-star of the American foreign mission movement," appeared in 1896, when the archbishops of the United States formally authorized the establishment in this country of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The United States had only ceased in 1908 to be a mission country—a land, that is, still under the direct jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide at Rome. Foreign missionaries, beginning with the second voyage of Columbus, had brought the Faith. Every part of the soil of our country had been fertilized by the blood of martyrs. But the Catholic nations that led the way in the discovery and conquest of America were not destined to hold the northern regions that are now the United States. When, then, in 1908, we ceased to be a mission land, American Catholics faced, as they face today, a great and divided task. Their growth had been enormous since colonial times; but more tremendous by far had been the growth of the non-Catholic part of the population. Marvelously vast had been the progress of the Church; yet still the need for priests and nuns, teachers, catechists, philanthropic and educational and spiritual tasks of all sorts, right here at home, was of the most obvious urgency. And it is so today. It must be so tomorrow. There are huge regions of our own country crying aloud for evangelists; for priests, for nuns, for teachers, for catechists, for well-organized Catholic activities of all kinds. It might well seem that every ounce of energy, physical, mental or spiritual, and that every Catholic man, woman or child, was needed to the exclusion of all other tasks for the maintenance and spreading of the Faith at home.

But perhaps heavier even than the burden already resting upon American Catholics to maintain and spread their religion in their own country, which might well give them pause as the voices of the first pioneers of the foreign mission ideal were lifted, was the weight of another handicap; one less obvious, but more dreaded by those pioneers than the burden, or the excuse, of home duties. Father Powers states the matter temperately and calmly in his introduction to the story of Maryknoll, in relating how Father Walsh came there, poor, literally as poor as the fishermen of Galilee who were the first Apostles, when the Catholic Missionary Society of America was first formed and authorized, and Maryknoll, says Father Powers, was thus born, in the richest country of the world, just a few years before the outbreak of the world war.

The youth of America had not been asked, as yet, to make the sacrifices necessary for the accomplishment of the ideals which statesmen had unfolded as the purpose of the struggle. Our young men were apparently in quest of material prosperity, pleasure and progress, and it was freely predicted that the great difficulty which the newly formed society must face would be the dearth of vocations. On the other hand, it was regarded as a certainty that money would be forthcoming to support mission effort, since the generosity of Catholic America was everywhere evident.

Father Walsh at least believed that souls as well as dollars would be found. In the first issue of the *Field Afar*, the periodical which he founded to serve his cause, he referred to an editorial in a Boston paper

about seven Presbyterian missionaries leaving that city for India, and foretold the time to come when the papers would be printing the news of American Catholic missionaries going forth. Nobody who really doubted in his heart could have done what Father Walsh has done at Maryknoll. And, after all, Father Walsh, and those who believed as he did—real leaders in the Church, bishops and priests and praying nuns—pinned their faith to something fundamental. Catholicism in the United States was a real thing, was the true faith; real faith, true Catholicism, must be apostolic; therefore, American Catholics were apostles. The contrary belief—an opinion, really, rather than a belief—of the unfitness of the youth of America for the missions was a widespread, but, after all, an untested assertion. The youth of America had not yet really been called. He had no seminary for his training. There had been no leaders for his undirected idealism.

As was predicted, the dollars came to Maryknoll from generous Catholic America; never, of course, too many, or even enough for all that had to be done, from the first scant repairing of farmhouse and barns, to the later extensions, and then the splendid seminary, still uncompleted, which came in time, and the houses for the sisters who followed their brothers in the Faith to the service of heroic Catholicity. And what about the souls?

The altar of the martyrs at Maryknoll before which young American men and women kneel, to be surcharged with the desire for self-sacrifice even to the giving up of life, is the proof that Catholic America does not measure its religion by the yard-stick of the dollar alone; nor by the building of churches and schools; nor by the mere growth of numbers. All these things are good in themselves. They are separate and indisputable proofs of the growth of the Church. But more is required. Maryknoll and other places like it, thriving at last in the United States, are the proof of proofs of the strength of the Catholic faith. For always there must be souls ready, willing, eager to give all; to beg for a martyr's death more insistently than other men and women toil for dollars or for what this world calls success.

Once a year the temple bell clangs at Maryknoll, dolorous, strange, ominous; the call of heathendom, the voice of the world that is still shrouded in the darkness of the shadow of death; and once a year the procession moves to the altar of dedication from the altar of the martyrs, in the beauty of candles and flowers and vestments, amid the sweet scent of incense, to the music of the Church. And in other parts of the world, in the school dedicated to Théophane Vénard, the martyr, in Scranton, and in the school in California, and the mission stations in China and Manchuria and Japan and Korea, each departure ceremony at Maryknoll opens vacant places for eager aspirants, or provides more toilers in the field afar. And here at home it nourishes constantly that vision without which the nations perish.

THE CULT OF STATISTICS

By FRANK WHALEN

ONE of the distinguishing marks of the present age hereabouts is the tendency to express ideas statistically—or to use statistics in place of ideas. Social philosophers would perhaps tell us that this numerical urge is the natural result of a combination of causes: democracy in government, wherein right and truth are decided by counting votes; modern materialism, which measures importance by counting dollars; and the increasingly important place assigned to the physical sciences, which recognize only quantitative values. To which might be added the growing army of the half-educated: playing with figures is easier than thinking.

Not that the belief in the importance of quantity is a new one. Pythagoras is generally blamed for having started it all, with his philosophy of Number, though Aeschylus makes poor padlocked Prometheus boast, "I found Number for them, chief device of all." But there were in other ages the philosophers to decry the common tendency to seek safety in numbers.

Nowadays, however, the decrying note is absent, since it is the height of our enlightenment that we have made the statisticians our philosophers. The reflective utterances of Bergson and Köhler pass over our heads; we have gone the whole Pythagorean hog with the philosophy of Number One. It is the purpose of this paper briefly to examine the dogma and the ritual of this cult of statistics of which we are becoming the bounden devotees, and to point out one or two little fallacies that the good statisticians know (but very often don't tell us) and that the wicked statisticians never heard about.

History went quantitative many years ago; Louis Trenchard More, the physicist, in his delightful *The Dogma of Evolution*, dates the change from the publication of Buckle's *The History of Civilization*, in 1857:

Since Buckle's time, the activities of statisticians have been unceasing and we are swaddled in sheets of figures; it would be a comfort to us harassed beings if it were better known that the majority of the statistics were futile, because their collectors and interpreters do not know enough physics to understand the Law of the Virial, which proves that a generalization from statistics can be valid only in so far as the activities of the individuals forming the collection are negligible.

In our own day, the bludgeon of statistics is wielded to great effect in the political world, the more so as our form of government is based almost entirely on quantity. It was perhaps inevitable that when "the quality" failed us in government, we should turn to numbers and assume that God was on the side of the greater number of presidential electors. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is really not a quan-

titative concept: we have twisted it to read, "Whatever the greatest number wants must be best," and go blithely on our way assuring ourselves that we are supported by an indisputable axiom, until some keen mind like Walter Lippmann's asks, "Why should the majority rule?" We do not even remember that Lippmann derives from Emerson, who wrote in 1841:

The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine!, the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and prevail. Is not a man better than a town?

Professor Allen Johnson of Yale (in *The Historian and Historical Evidence*) has this to say concerning the method of writing political history by plotting majority election returns:

In many of these tables no account is taken of opposing election returns, which are only slightly less than a majority through a period of years. . . . Can it be affirmed confidently that physiographic conditions control the political action of a district of 200,000 voters when 99,000 were in opposition?

We need look no further back than the last presidential election to see the use of this vicious method: the papers of the successful party claiming an overwhelming popular mandate in support of its policies on the ground that:

- a. More voters had turned out than ever before;
- b. 21,482,588 citizens had voted for Hoover;
- c. The unprecedented vote affected both parties
- d. 15,011,115 citizens had voted for Smith.

Among important questions now before the American people none is argued more often from the statistical viewpoint than that of prohibition. Walter Lippmann has the following to say regarding the prohibition statistics of Professor Irving Fisher:

Professor Fisher cites the increase in federal convictions from 22,000 in 1922 to 38,000 in 1925. The figures are meaningless. No one knows whether there were more bootleggers to catch in 1925 than in 1922. . . . He estimates by an unknown method of calculation that the total consumption of alcohol today "is certainly less than 16 percent of pre-prohibition consumption, probably less than 10 percent and possibly less than 5 percent." If this computation were correct, Professor Fisher ought to be very happy. A law which is enforced 90 to 95

percent is very successfully enforced. But of course Professor Fisher does not believe his own figures, for he declares at the conclusion of his study that "present conditions are intolerable."

The case of Professor Fisher is typical, illustrating two of the errors into which the statisticians constantly fall. They possess figures showing the amount of variation of one factor in a situation, and blandly assume that all the other factors will be kind enough to remain constant long enough for them to do their little forensic juggling act; but life is an affair of more than one variable, to put it mildly. The second error is more serious, because deliberate. The statistician knows that the more exact the figure he gives, the more his reader is impressed with its mathematical quality; if Professor Fisher had said "about 10 percent," we should have known that the figure was a mere approximation, but "certainly less than 16 percent" sounds as certain as certain. If I say that most people suffer from elephantiasis of the cranium, the statement leaves the reader cold; if, however, I assert that "four out of five" are thus afflicted, no one stops to ask me how long it took me to survey the whole human race, and how I got them to stop being born and dying while I did the job.

In the field of education—where, of all places, we should expect the quantitative concept to meet with intelligent opposition—"objective measurement" has pretty nearly won the battle. The high priest here is Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia, and his shibboleth, "Everything that exists exists in some quantity, and hence can be measured." Squarely against this we may place the dictum of A. S. Eddington, the English physicist, who says (in *The Domain of Physical Science*):

Physics (or exact science) can only take within its scope certain aspects of the external world. . . . There remain other aspects which have been excluded, not because they are of less importance, but because they have not the special property of measurability.

Despite the objections of physicists and mathematicians, who surely ought to know something of statistics, the educators go on their merry way trying to turn qualities into quantities and making graphs of everything from "general merit in composition" to "the character profile." Many a graduate student in education nowadays owes solely to his ability to run a tabulating machine his degree of doctor of philosophy.

Next in honor to the tabulating machine in the seats of learning comes the questionnaire. Every college president now employs a special "questionnaire answerer" among his secretaries. On this subject, Professor H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, wrote in *Harper's Magazine*:

In a second form, the method of interrogation becomes the questionnaire—a method which is quite fashionable

in the scientific underworld. . . . The defects of the questionnaire are even worse than in the other form of interrogation [individual personal questioning] for besides the uncertainties of observing, one encounters the uncertainties of estimating and averaging. We reasoned that if the results of interrogating any one person were worth nothing, the results of questioning ten thousand persons would be worth ten thousand times nothing, or, in accordance with old-fashioned arithmetic, nothing.

Luckily for culture and scholarship, not all educators have bowed in deep humility before the shrine of the tabulating machine. Professor Boyd H. Bode, of Ohio State University, has asserted that

the mere use of scientific methods to take the place of the careful scrutiny of problems of curriculum and learning is a dangerous substitute for thinking . . . a camouflage for mental stagnation.

More to the point, Professor Franklin T. Baker, of Columbia, has written:

Many of us, however, are inclined to accept these new scientific standards with a hospitality tempered by reflective scepticism. There are many chances of error when we deal with those imponderables that make up what we call mind, especially in its emotional and aesthetic reactions. The most laboriously built tables may omit some essential element, or include some disturbing factor that impairs their validity.

At the outset of this article I said that we had made the statisticians our philosophers: there is no stronger proof that we are living, as James Truslow Adams has so ably contended, in a "business man's civilization" than the fact that the business statisticians have become not only our philosophers, but what is worse, our religious prophets as well. To take one example: I suppose Roger Babson might be called without offense the Big Number among American business statisticians today; the Babson Statistical Organization will furnish figures on anything in the world. Mr. Babson, himself, however, increasingly devotes his time and his interest to questions which would seem far removed from the purview of the mathematician. A wise student of our times might draw a pretty picture from the perusal of some of the Babson books written in the past fifteen years and sold broadcast.

In *The Future of the Churches*, Mr. Babson shows in a beautiful graph the whole span of history from 975 B. C. (once more those exact figures!) to 1900 A. D., with the notation: "The peaks represent periods of prosperity following religious revival." What fools these historians have been, from Herodotus to Wilson! What *Is Success?* has the distinction of yielding a statement every part of which is false:

In an entire business life 60 percent of all we do is the result of instinct, inheritance and environment and 30 percent is the result of religion. The other 10 percent is given to the forming of habits and is called reason or intellect.

It doesn't even sound like anything unless, perhaps, a psychological hash.

The graphic urge takes charge again in *New Tasks for Old Churches*, and produces (under the heading *Facts Churches Must Realize*) a clock-graph of the industrial cycle, nine o'clock bearing the gorgeous title, *Religious Interest—High Stock Prices*. The Lord having departed therefrom, the money-changers return to the temples; but no longer do they tarry in the porches: the Holy of Holies itself must be "reorganized on a sound business basis."

Now all this must not be taken to mean that I see no sense in figures at all, either in business or in life. I can imagine no more useful member of society than, for instance, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; nor can I conceive of a piece of public service more important than the compilation of the figures which showed Dr. Dublin and the medical world at large that heart disease had become a more common cause of death than tuberculosis. Yet the insurance companies gather statistics primarily for business purposes. They are to be numbered among the good statisticians, however: they may tell a man that the tables give him a life-expectancy of thirty-seven years, but they explain that since the tables are a composite of thousands of death ages, the chances are overwhelming that he will not die just thirty-seven years after his policy is written. The good statistician always remembers that such compilations tell us absolutely nothing about any individual case, but regard only the mass.

On the other hand, the investment statistician has not been born who will tell his clients that the average rise of a given stock in the past five years conveys no information concerning what that stock will do tomorrow: if he did, he'd go out of business. Nor does the purveyor of medicaments offer to the individual any proof that he is one of the unfortunate four rather than the lone lucky one in five—the lucky one who, presumably, dances with all five girls at the senior prom while the other four exhale noisomely along the wall.

I must also salute the good statisticians in the field of education: the men, for instance, who by statistical methods found out the words most frequently used in daily life and the words most frequently misspelled, thereby making spelling for the first time a practical subject and saving future generations of pupils from "eleemosynary" to "Skaneateles." But I abominate the others, who try to tell me that the composite judgment of a thousand teachers expresses mathematically the merit of an English composition, when I know that a dozen of the thousand said it was worth zero and another dozen rated it well-nigh perfect. The merit of a composition can't be expressed mathematically, but only in the relative terms of the impression this composition makes on that teacher or reader at a given time.

While we are revising the aims of education, then,

let us include as proper to this age the understanding and interpretation of statistics. On the front page of the college catalogue let us print this quotation from the words of Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, the home of educational statistics:

The modern Philistine is just what Matthew Arnold described him, inaccessible to, and impatient of, ideas. Facts are his delight, especially if they be isolated and uninterpreted. He does not think because he cannot, and at every opportunity he weakens or destroys the necessary tools of thought.

In the first semester let the entering student be taught to scrutinize the statistics offered in the newspapers. Give him the "tables showing the comparative illiteracy of the nations of the world," show him the different ways in which the nation gathered the percentages of illiteracy cited (from the sweeping statement "we have no illiterates but the feeble-minded" to the census-taker's question, "Have you any illiterates in your family?") and make the freshman write at the foot of the table the axiom of elementary school days: "You cannot add apples and potatoes."

In his sophomore year ask him to find out exactly how many unemployed adults there were in this country at the moment when the Republican figures showed 5,000,000 out of work and the Democratic, 1,800,000. Make him expound Simeon Strunsky's wise saw: "Mr. Dun does not always see eye to eye with Mr. Bradstreet."

Juniors will be required to memorize and repeat daily the following formula:

Figures must be
Properly compiled
Adequately presented
Thoughtfully interpreted
And even then they lie like hell.

Seniors will be particularly warned against using the unfortunate expression of accountants, "The figures reflect." It will be demonstrated to them that figures reflect nothing but their own dumb images.

At the commencement exercises let Prexy tell the story of Socrates, how he was condemned to drink the hemlock for corrupting the youth of Athens. Let him like a true scholar assure the graduating class that the corruption consisted in "making the worse appear the better reason"—the sin of all bad statisticians.

Having thus got the number, so to speak, of the statisticians, the young collegian may face life unafraid, nor worry longer along statistical lines until the day of judgment. Then will come the climactic moment (to which Gabriel's much-advertised trumpet will furnish only the preliminary fanfare) when the World's Greatest Statistician, released from the trammels of earth and big business, clad in the glorified uniform of a celestial top sergeant, will step before the assembled human hordes and roar, in a voice of thunder, "By the numbers! . . . Count off!"

THE EXPERTS LOOK AT UNEMPLOYMENT

1. HIGHER WAGES FOR THE MASSES

By JOHN A. RYAN

INDIRECTLY and by implication, Recent Economic Changes suggests a more acceptable remedy for the kind of unemployment which is now puzzling students of the problem. It endorses "the principle of high wages and low costs as a policy of enlightened industrial practice in a period of stationary cost of living—the recognition of wage-earners as the great domestic market." As expressed by Ernest G. Draper at the hearings before the Senate Committee:

Workers are consumers as well as producers, and to increase the purchasing power of consumers is desirable, not only for the worker himself but for industry and society as a whole.

A considerable proportion of business men have, since the war, become converts to this doctrine. Men who have to produce goods in competition with their fellows have always striven for low costs in order that they might sell at low prices. Until quite recently the great majority have believed that one means of obtaining low production costs was low wages. According to the new theory, it is still desirable to sell the largest possible quantity of goods at the lowest prices and with the lowest production costs, but it is not desirable nor necessary to obtain low costs through low wages. If goods can be manufactured in sufficient quantity, the production cost can be low; but in order to sell all these goods even at low prices, purchasing power must be widely distributed. Money to buy the goods must exist in the hands not merely of a few well-to-do, but of the masses. The workers must have high wages in order to make their demands for goods effective. Increased power to consume must be extended to the only class that possesses in large measure the unsatisfied desire to consume.

This policy would provide the most humane and the most easily available remedy for the persistent overproduction and underconsumption that afflicts our industrial system. Instead of seeking to arouse new wants in the jaded appetites of the rich and well-to-do, why not supply the proper and reasonable wants of the toiling masses? Instead of striving to invent new luxuries and create new industries to satisfy wants that are as yet unknown and unfelt, why not provide an effective volume of demand for goods which are already known and desired, which can be produced by in-

In two previous articles, Father Ryan evaluated the findings of the Senate Committee appointed to investigate the causes of unemployment. The following paper and its sequel will consider the opinions of various experts, notably those who constituted the Committee on Recent Economic Changes. Here the reader will meet economic theories destined to prove increasingly attractive. Father Ryan reminds us nevertheless that "solid and permanent progress comes slowly in every department of social life," and that a minimum wage law in the United States is only a remote possibility.—The Editors.

dustries already established, but now languishing for lack of an adequate market? The masses desire and could use vastly more than they now obtain of the standard necessities and comforts: food, clothing, housing, hospitals and medical service, education, recreation and amusements. We already

have the workers and the productive equipment to provide all these goods in vastly increased quantities. The magnitude of the latent demand for them may be appreciated when we reflect that probably the majority of employees, even in the United States, do not obtain adequate living wages. Would not a generous increase in the remuneration of our underpaid toilers be the most direct and the most obvious way to eliminate the evil of idle machines and idle men?

No intelligent student of our economic system doubts the capacity of our industries to satisfy in reasonable measure all these wants for the majority, and to provide a considerable surplus for the economically powerful minority. The extent to which our national production might be increased is not fully indicated by our unused equipment, our unemployed workers and the vast expansion of productive power that is obtainable without any new mechanical inventions. George Soule, in *The Useful Art of Economics*, says:

In view of the vast array of preventable wastes, it is probably not an exaggeration to say that the national income might be doubled simply by eliminating them, even if inventions and knowledge of better techniques for production should cease to advance today.

Not more productive power but a rational organization of existing power is what we need in order to provide all our people with the material means of well-being and thereby to abolish chronic unemployment.

The better organization that has just been outlined immediately provokes the ancient and facile objection that such a large increase in wages would involve such an increase in production costs as to frustrate the object sought, and that the higher cost of production would cause such a rise in prices that there would be little or no increase in the average demand for goods and for labor. To this objection the obvious answer is that not all the additional outlay for wages would be reflected in prices. The more extensive use and more steady operation of the plant would offset either partially or wholly the higher wage costs. The in-

creased costs, be they great or little, would be defrayed only in part by the wage-earners, inasmuch as they are not the only consumers of the goods affected by the increase. In general it should be noted that if this objection were always heeded, it would prevent any increase in wages for any reason whatsoever. Happily, it has not been heeded universally. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, who directed the study of recent economic changes, tells us that

American prosperity in 1922-1927 in non-agricultural lines would have been decidedly greater had the six million American farmers been flourishing.

Paraphrasing this statement, we observe that American prosperity would have been decidedly greater during the same period had the ten million or more underpaid American laborers been receiving adequate wages. The economic factors and implications are exactly the same in the two cases. Indeed, the *Committee on Recent Economic Changes* gives some measure of endorsement to the doctrine and proposal here advocated when it declares that one of the ten outstanding developments in our industrial history since 1920 has been "the recognition of wage-earners as the great domestic market." It is too bad that the Committee did not explicitly accept the implications of this recognized fact. Instead of using language which tended to exaggerate the increase which has taken place in wages, it ought to have frankly pointed out that further increases are necessary before a large proportion of the working classes will have satisfactory incomes, and before their effective demand will be sufficiently enlarged to furnish an adequate market for the products of our industries.

The real difficulties confronting the proposal for a better organization of our distributive system, for a better combination of the desire to consume with the power to consume, have to do with the methods for obtaining the requisite increase in wages. While the individual employer may accept the doctrine that high wages and high purchasing power in the hands of labor are good and necessary for industry as a whole, he realizes, or thinks, that relatively low wages would be more profitable in his own business. He believes that this is true at least so long as his competitors fail to adopt the policy of high wages. To meet this difficulty, the only immediately adequate measure would be minimum wage scales fixed by law. Owing to the unfavorable decision of the Supreme Court in the District of Columbia Minimum Wage Case, to say nothing of two or three other obstacles, this most important reform is, and for many years to come will remain, impossible of attainment in the United States. The only practical methods now available are increased organization of labor and the economic, social and ethical education of the masters of industry and all other influential groups in our population. While neither of these methods is likely to produce beneficial results rapidly, they have both proved their effectiveness by

experience. After all, solid and permanent progress comes slowly in every department of social life.

The foregoing argument has taken no notice of the thesis upheld in several publications by Foster and Catchings. It is that overproduction, underconsumption and general unemployment come about because industry does not put sufficient money into the hands of the consumers to pay for all the goods produced. This theory has not been considered for two reasons. First, in so far as it deals with the flow of money and credit, it is too difficult either to prove or to refute. In the second place, these authors admit, nay assert, that a great increase in general consuming power could be obtained through a general advance in wages. For example, in a pamphlet reprinted from the *Century Magazine*, July, 1929, these sentences occur:

Adequate consumption, therefore, does more than anything else to sustain employment. And nothing more is needed to achieve the right rate of consumption than the right flow of money to consumers. Now, the largest part of this flow, and the part that is most promptly spent, is the stream of wages. Nothing, therefore, can go so far toward sustaining trade and employment as increasing the weekly payroll of the country fast enough, and not too fast.

Hence, the first and obvious requisite is to raise wages somehow, with some kind of money. If that measure should fail to increase consuming power sufficiently to take all the goods off the market and keep industry going, the time would then be at hand to consider the problem of increasing consumers' credit. The money phase of the problem, the question how to bring about the right flow of money to the consumers, will then be much more urgent than it is today.

Dolor

I dream of candles—in the night,
A haze of palm—and roses white;
A curtain drawn against the light.

A grey, cold couch on which there lay
Two days and then another day
One whose own child was far away.

A pang through life my heart has bled;
"To see that face but once," I said,
"And I would leave her with the dead!"

So oft in dreams my steps come near
This solemn, sealed and silent bier. . . .
Am I the only mourner here?

'Tis well—a life-long wish shall be
Fulfilled in its sweet agony—
That I that ashen face may see!

Up to the bier my steps I take—
And now, the lonely spell to break,
My fingers lift the lid. . . . I wake!

SISTER THÉRÈSE.

MRS. PONSONBY-PORTER

By N. HAMMERSLEY LAING

MY EXPERIENCE with Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter was an unusual one. I met her on the mezzanine floor of one of the most fashionable hotels of Phoenix. Waiting to interview a woman who had answered my advertisement for a general houseworker, my eye was caught by a striking looking woman. In a gown of exquisite simplicity she looked like a race horse that had accidentally strayed into a pasture of sturdy, healthy cart horses. Some wealthy tourist, I reflected, probably from New York. To my surprise the elegant lady, with outstretched hand, as though welcoming an expected guest, swept graciously toward me.

"Mrs. Laing?" she inquired.

Feeling like a neglected orphan beside this brilliant bird of plumage, I nodded.

"I am Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter," she explained courteously, at the same time waving me to a seat. "I understand you are wanting a general servant?"

"Why, yes," I stammered, failing to recognize the name as one given through the telephone, which I had understood as merely "Porter."

"I am the woman who advertised for a position."

I stared at her wondering whether I were the victim of a practical joke.

"There must be some misunderstanding," I said, at the same time tugging at my skirt, hoping to hide the fact that my stockings were not silk all the way up.

"Rather not," she replied emphatically, with the accent on the rather, and I realized that she was English.

She gave me a look curiously direct. "That's what I want, general housework."

The thought of this elegant creature washing my dishes filled me with alarm. "I live ten miles out of town," I said desperately, "in the heart of the desert, at a place called Dreamy Draw."

"Dreamy Draw!" she interrupted. "What a topping name."

"And, as we are so far out of town," I went on, ignoring the interruption, "things are still very primitive. We have no electricity, we cook with an oil stove."

"It sounds perfectly delightful." Ecstatically, she inquired, "And do you still use candles?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

She clasped a pair of hands, large, soft and beautifully formed. "How perfectly priceless!"

I felt myself becoming hysterical at the humor of the situation, but I was determined she should be saved despite herself. "You would find the work too hard," I said sternly, at the same time deliberately allowing my eyes to travel from the rich black furs that encircled her neck to the toe of a Paris-shod foot.

The disappointment of her clear, frank eyes really touched me.

"I'm not afraid of work," she said shortly, and I noticed the determined set of a square, slightly heavy jaw. Like a losing man in a desperate gamble, I played my final card.

"You would not expect to have meals with us, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. I never heard of such an odious idea. Surely it isn't customary for the maids in this country to have meals with the family?"

"It's often done in the West."

She gave an infectious chuckle. "What an amusing idea. Do you mind if I smoke? Your home sounds top-hole. I do hope you've got children."

"Yes," I said solemnly, hoping to sound a warning note. "Two, raised entirely on the desert—primitive—and suffering from no inhibitions whatsoever."

She exhaled slowly, flicking her cigarette ash onto the hotel's most valuable rug with careless nonchalance, and ejaculated:

"How perfectly topping."

And so I engaged Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter as general houseworker. The following day she arrived in a taxicab.

I had spent the morning feverishly trying to make her room as presentable as possible. I had even gone so far in my enthusiasm as to cover her bed with my most treasured counterpane of Irish linen.

"It's been a perfectly ripping drive out," she began, "top-hole! Isn't the color of these hills too amusing for words?"

I led the way into her room, anxiously watching her expression as she saw its barrenness. However, she made straight for the window and peered out into the desert. "What a priceless home!"

When my husband arrived, Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter was laying the supper table. I introduced him casually.

"Suffering cats! Who's that?" he asked when we were alone.

I crushed a baby scorpion which had suddenly appeared from behind the settee and replied: "Oh, she's the new maid."

"The new maid," he echoed. "She looks more like a visiting notable. Can she cook?"

"I hope so."

He looked dubious. "Well, she appears to me like a duchess, evading the law and traveling incognito."

Living up to the standards of our new maid was somewhat of a trial. At the conclusion of the first course my husband leaned across the table and asked in a husky whisper: "I say, do you think I should have changed into my tuxedo?"

He took a sip of water, set down the glass hurriedly and said: "We need ice."

"Ring the bell," I suggested.

An expression of panic crossed his features. "N-no, I mean, you'd better."

I smiled bravely but called nervously: "Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter!"

She appeared smoking a cigarette. "Would you mind—I'm sorry to trouble you—but will you please crack us some ice."

There was a sound of furious chipping, a smothered "damn" as some ice apparently fell to the floor, and then she reappeared with the words, "I say, how ripping the water tastes here."

The next day, I awoke to the sound of a firm knock upon the panel of our door.

"Come in," I called sleepily.

"Your boots," came back the reply.

I sprang out of bed, shook my husband, who was still asleep and went to the door.

Arrayed in a neat row were the family's high shoes, blackened, polished—glistening like a crystal stream. I thought of those velvety hands and shuddered. Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter must not be allowed to do this again.

A month later I happened to be giving a bridge party. At the last moment one of my friends was unable to come. Wandering disconsolately to the window, my eyes fell on the figure of my maid out to empty the garbage pail. With delightful nonchalance, she was gracefully sauntering down to the gulch, puffing on her inevitable cigarette and swinging the pail with the appearance of one about to attend the Ascot races. An idea suddenly seized me.

Later, I strolled into the kitchen where she was busy with sandwiches and Scotch scones.

"Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter," I began. "Do me a favor. Take a hand at bridge this afternoon. One of my guests is ill."

She smiled. "But what about the sandwiches? Oh, well, I suppose I can manage the work while I'm dummy. How shall I come, as your cook, or merely an out-of-town guest?"

"Which would you prefer?" I asked, the piquancy of the situation amusing me.

She shrugged her shoulders and replied lightly: "N'importe qui."

And so I introduced her simply as Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter, and in a gown of Paquin's most successful design she created quite a stir among my guests.

Whenever she happened to be dummy she would silently disappear into the recesses of the kitchen and I visualized her with white, soft hands, buttering scones or icing cakes. I had offered to help her but she replied so brusquely as to be almost rude: "Nonsense, I'm being paid to do the work, and by jingo! I'm going to do it."

At the end of April she returned to England. She seemed sorry to go. She had developed a genuine affection for our great Southwest, also we had become

excellent friends. Another desert ship, sailing away I thought regretfully, as I waved good-by to her from the station.

The following winter, however, I made an unexpected trip to London, and almost on arrival I received a letter from Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter inviting me to lunch at a most exclusive women's club.

As usual, she was exquisitely gowned, and met me with her customary ease and graciousness of manner. As we sat in the club lounge, intimate over our liqueurs, coffee and cigarettes, I plucked up my courage and asked:

"Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter, what possessed you to spend six months in my kitchen scrubbing floors and washing dishes? I've been so curious."

"Were you? Why didn't you ask me?"

"There are some things," I replied, "that even writers of short stories bar. I didn't want to pry into your secret."

"Secret? There was no secret. It never occurred to me to talk about it."

"Then," I said eagerly, scenting some excellent material for my next short story. "Do tell me why you did it."

"There's nothing very much to tell," she said simply. "My husband and I had a bet. You see, he has private means and refused to settle down to his practice. He's a doctor," she explained. "Instead, he insisted upon careering round the country looking for spots where he could get good shooting and fishing. Naturally, I got fed up with living in hotels and tagging after him, so I said that unless he built me a permanent home, I'd travel on my own. That made him angry and he said how could I? After all, I was dependent on him. I bet him there and then that I'd travel from the East to the West of the United States without accepting a penny from him. And, what was more, I would not return until he had bought me a home. That's all."

"All! It hasn't begun yet. How did you pay your way to New York and Phoenix?"

"That part of it was rather unpleasant," she admitted. "I looked after two children on the voyage out, horrible, ill-mannered little blighters, but their mother paid my fare. Then, in New York, I sold some jewelry to get to the West—and well—you know what happened after that."

"And your home?"

"He bought it. You must come down and stay a week-end with us. But I had a topping time in your kitchen."

We were interrupted by an acquaintance of mine touching me on the arm. I turned to introduce my hostess. "Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter, who, who—" I faltered and then went on briskly, "stayed with me last winter."

"Stayed with her? Rot!" Mrs. Ponsonby-Porter contradicted brusquely. "Stayed with her—nothing of the kind. I was Mrs. Laing's general servant, and, if I may say it—a damned good one."

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

A Hundred Years Old

ALMOST any play by the Quintero brothers—especially in Granville Barker translation—provides enough of the simple fibre of life to beguile the attention and sympathy of any but the most bored sophisticates. Always, in the Quinteros' writings, you will find beneath the simplest phrases a keen perception of those emotional impulses which govern by far the largest part of mankind, and so win for themselves the strength of universals—the gentle nostalgia which leads the wanderer across wide continents to the place of his birth, the egotism of the born poet whose sufferings are still largely mental and imaginative, the clinging to one's native soil, the impulse to create new life and the many molds of romance into which it is poured. But I venture to believe, without having read all the works of these authors, that no one of their plays catches the light from more facets of human vagary than *A Hundred Years Old*, in which Otis Skinner is now appearing as the centenarian.

The outward emotional range of the play is slight. But that is not the point. Outward intensity, particularly in many modern plays, is merely a cover for absence of inner understanding. This play, by its very theme and the treatment of that theme, tries to cut into the exact centre of why we live and love—but in terms so fragile, so delicately human and humane that you might easily mistake it, as at least one newspaper critic seems to have done, for a mere human-interest portrait of Spanish village types. If you do make such a mistake, please lay the fault to your own overstrained nerves and the brash influence of the many recent plays you have seen, but do not fail, at least in retrospect, to think of the moments when *A Hundred Years Old* has laid bare, though always in beauty, some of the springs of your own existence and of those who will come after you.

For this play gives you, with consummate skill, the meeting of youth and great age at that very moment when each seems to itself the centre of existence. To old Papa Juan, about to celebrate his hundredth birthday with three succeeding generations surrounding him, life takes the aspect of a high mountain. He stands upon its summit and surveys those who would never have been were it not for him. On and on life has rolled for him, but never in dull monotony. It has always held the magic power of re-creation, and as each new generation has sensed the eternal magic, Papa Juan has drawn from their discovery new life and strength for himself. For all his experienced wisdom, his maturity breaks down into the harmless egotism of the patriarch.

Then, etched sharply against the centenarian, you have young Trino, his great-grandson, to whom life is as the gathering of the winds of time, centering in his own delightful person something of the curious nature of everyone whose life has poured forth to make his own. Papa Juan may have forty descendants, but Trino has eight great-grandparents, of whom Papa Juan is but one. The youthful egotism of the scion matched against the patriarch—the one who looks up to what he has received and the one who looks down upon all that he has given. It is a delicious contrast, not too obviously indicated, but there before you in all that it whispers of the life miracle.

For the rest, the play has simple enough elements. It is no easy task for Papa Juan to gather his brood about him in peace

and harmony. Quarrels, jealousies, long-standing feuds, ugly puritanism, all raise their heads to thwart him. There is, for example, Gabriele, whose child has no recognized father—and it is not until Papa Juan asks about the sins of those who marry and never bring children into the world that he begins to turn the tide of charity toward her. There are the poor relatives and the rich, the poets and the communists, the lovable and the pestiferous, the whole lot of them coaxed, implored, humored into temporary accord for the one great occasion—and mostly by Papa Juan himself, no decrepit figure, but a robust old oak whose secret, if he has any, has been "to live as if there were a God."

Yes—he is just a bit of an agnostic, without the full flame of faith that shines from little Currita's eyes, but wise enough in his faint scepticism to encourage faith in others and to live as God would have him. One even suspects that his faith, beneath his words, is strong indeed, with something of that quality of those who believe without seeing, and who demand no signs and wonders beyond the wonder of life itself. On his hundredth birthday, there is but one thing he still seeks of life itself, and that is another glimmer of the eternal impulse. It comes unexpectedly in the romance between Trino and Currita—one of the shyest and tenderest breaths of romance a poet could devise. At the close of the great day, with the music of guitars drifting in from the grounds without, Papa Juan is at last content. A little pageant of life has passed before you, with its hopes, its loves, its meannesses, its hints of tragedy, its failings both of youth and age, its faith and partial doubt, and all imbued with richness by the universal rhythm of creation it betrays.

Otis Skinner's artistry has never shone more brightly than in his portrait of Papa Juan. It ranks with his Falstaff as one of the few masterpieces of the modern stage. The supporting cast is excellent, so that the production can be criticized only for the general slowness of certain scenes permitted by James Whale, the director. Fred Tiden as the dyspeptic Evaristo, Octavia Kenmore as the bitter-tongued Doña Filomena and Mary Howard as the forlorn little Eulalia are all exceptionally deft in their interpretations. But two of the loveliest pastels seen in many days are provided by Mary Arbenz as Currita and Hardie Albright as the engaging Trino. Youth in such terms does exist, but it needs such a play as *A Hundred Years Old*, and such fresh and spontaneous acting as Miss Arbenz and Mr. Albright give us, to make us recognize and greet it with a shout of joy. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

Candle-Light

THOSE who were politely bored by *A Hundred Years Old* will probably find the same delight in Gertrude Lawrence's new starring medium—*Candle-Light* by Siegfried Geyer—that they found in *Strictly Dishonorable* and half a dozen other comedies which play fast and loose with human behavior. Like the others of its kind, *Candle Light* is exceedingly well written, bespattered with many delightful epigrams and crowded with thinly veiled adaptations of farcical stock situations. The acting is superlatively adept and thus you have a spun-sugar coating for all those things which, if we lived in an honest and forthright world, would be immediately recognized as moral irresponsibility.

Every time you tell the truth about one of these "charming" comedies, you find a dozen angry persons who call you a prude or deplore your lack of sophistication. This, perhaps, makes a few side remarks on the matter of ideas in plays fall apropos. It is a curious, but perfectly obvious, fact that ideas tend to realize themselves in action. Of all the observable facts in psychology (whether classic or modern) this one admits of about as little discussion as any. Whether we take the epidemics of certain types of suicides or murders, or whether we look into broader fields of intimate human behavior, we invariably find that an idea, if suggested under proper conditions of attention on the listener's part, produces at least a tendency toward corresponding action, especially if it is made to appear pleasant and easy of fulfilment and without unpleasant consequences.

Broadly speaking, then, a play which suggests through the personal charm of its characters, through its superficially amusing situations and through the easy and happy solution of all its situations that moral laxity is a convenient and delightful mode of life exerts a destructive tendency. Its basic idea is wrong. Naturally no person with common sense would say that this or that single play is going to drive adults from the theatre bent upon a life of intrigue and illicit amours. The point is not the degree to which a given presentation of an idea is destructive, but the simple fact that it is destructive. Deadly poisons can be taken in such minute doses that for a time they seem to have no harmful effect. But that does not alter the fact that they are poisons, and that if the doses are repeated often enough they will bring if not a final catastrophe at least a definite injury.

The element of dishonesty also enters in when we come to appraising this particular type of light comedy—again without reference to degree. The general irresponsibility of our present age is largely due to immaturity of observation. We do not take the trouble to trace the links between cause and effect, between light-hearted defiance of natural laws and the tragic results in broken families, neurotic children and increasing mental disease. Plays that cater to this irresponsibility through the dramatic fiction that everything always turns out well are simply dishonest and hypocritical. A dishonest statement repeated often enough is sure to find believers in the end—and so the work of destruction by attrition goes on. (At the Empire Theatre.)

George White's Scandals

THE tenth birthday of *George White's Scandals* finds the mixture much the same as ever. A lavish scenic display, music of a fair order for this type of review, a generous dosage of off-color material and a few numbers of merit. The best you can say is that the *Scandals* do not sail under false colors and are quite frankly vulgar. They are a product of one extreme of the time, just as *A Hundred Years Old and Many Waters* and *Sweet Adeline* reflect the reaction setting in at the other extreme. (At the Apollo Theatre.)

Many Waters

THIS play, which comes to us after a long and successful run in London, is one of the most enthralling bits of modern romanticism of many seasons. I say this as advance notice of a much lengthier review next week, in which, I hope, there will be a chance to show the turn of the times in the modern theatre and the response to it by modern audiences. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

AGGRESSIVE DEFENSE AGAIN

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—To assert that the Catholic population of this country is a wofully insignificant factor in the political and social life of this country, is to state a truism—moss-covered with age. The mere repetition of this bald truth, however, disturbs the philosophical composure and mental self-complacency of many of our "foremost laymen," whose "broad-mindedness" is of such a queer admixture that their intellectual expansiveness simply cannot tolerate their rebellious brethren (impertinent atoms!) who now and then speak out of turn, as it were.

That Catholics in general, for some unknown reason, seem to be unmistakably afflicted with what is popularly known as an inferiority complex scarcely seems a debatable point. They pursue the even tenor of their ways—aping and imitating and following—instead of originating and molding public opinion. Probably the most marked characteristic of this unfortunate complex is the defensive attitude which we are eternally assuming—ready at the slightest provocation to apologize when apologies are certainly not in order. Moreover, the precise reason, in a given instance, for our apologetic tone and behavior is usually a little beyond our mental purview. Like the good nurse attending Dombey's new offspring, we do not presume to state facts as truths, "but merely offer them as mild suggestions." And if and when our "mild suggestions" are unceremoniously brushed aside, as is usually the case, we retire again into our shells seriously debating the wisdom of our impertinence.

Perhaps our crowning achievement in the field of self-effacement or debasement was our calm and unperturbed attitude during the recent Mexican persecution. While this persecution was in full swing, Catholics as a body in this country, with a few notable exceptions (and even these exceptions were duly apologized for and explained away) dared not make any outward demonstration of their inward feelings in the matter. American Catholics dared not raise their voices, while in far-off Europe public mass meetings were held to protest against the inhuman and unnatural acts of the Calles régime. Undoubtedly we were afraid that our 100-percent Americanism might be questioned, or challenged, by our non-Catholic friends. For, like it or not, in most instances, American non-Catholics constitute the court of last appeal in our judgment on such matters. And, needless to say, they are sitting in perpetual judgment on the thoughts, words and deeds of their Catholic fellow-citizens. True, we can't prevent them from thus sitting. But what we can do now and then is to think and act as though this court were in recess occasionally. Who knows but that, if they became conscious of the fact that they were being ignored, they might not take themselves so seriously?

But, while we were quietness itself on the Mexican situation (from a false sense of propriety) our non-Catholic brethren were extremely loquacious about the matter. It was clearly explained to the masses in this country that Mexico was but striking the blow which would eventually liberate her from the bondage of Rome. Was it not a perfectly natural thing in this enlightened age? Of course! Would we allow Rome to run our government? Certainly not! It was all so simple—merely another link in the evolutionary chain of democracies.

And the press of this country, largely supported by Catholics in our metropolitan centres, treated us as though we were not. It colored, twisted, distorted and suppressed the really vital

Sacred Art

A Series of Lectures

The tremendous influence of religion on arts and letters is a fact which now is being recognized as one of the most hopeful trends of the age. The ignorance regarding "mediaevalism" which prevailed until recently is now being dispelled. The new knowledge concerning this subject, once confined to specialists, is now being made accessible to the cultured public. There is a demand for a comprehensive treatment of the sisterhood that existed, and still exists, between religion, arts, and letters.

The Pius X School of Liturgical Music in consequence of its recognition of this need, announces a course of public lectures on the History of Sacred Art. The schedule is as follows:—

Introductory	Professor Edward Kennard Rand, Harvard University.	Oct. 25
Liturgical Drama	Professor Karl Young, Yale University.	Nov. 1 Nov. 15
Rubrics	Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs, Chaplain Catholic Club, Yale University.	Dec. 6 Dec. 20
Architecture	Ralph Adams Cram	Jan. 17 Jan. 31
Sacred Painting	Bancel La Farge	Feb. 14 Feb. 28
Sacred Literature	Rev. Cornelius Clifford	Mar. 14 Mar. 28
Liturgical Music	Mrs. Justine B. Ward	Apr. 11 Apr. 25

The Lectures will be given at the Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue on the dates mentioned above at 4.00 P.M. Since the capacity of the hall is limited to approximately 400 seats early application for tickets is advisable.

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facts of the situation, at will. And the dignified, imperturbable manner in which it persisted in dealing out these colored news items was not the least exasperating part of the episode.

Contrast with all this the recent reactions of the Jews when news reached this country that their coreligionists were being persecuted in far-off lands. Wherever they resided in this country protest meetings were hastily organized, public subscriptions opened; in some cases preliminary work consequent to the formation of foreign legions was done. Parades were held and thronged halls were addressed by prominent Jews. And they got their story before the public while the iron was hot. They did not stop to consider whether or not their actions would be considered as un-American. If the "court" was sitting in judgment on the recent acts of the Jews, it is, in all probability, standing by this time.

We Catholics have tried the noble experiment of self-effacement or self-debasement for a sufficiently long period of time. The last presidential election proved, if it proved anything, that this noble experiment is a dismal failure. What are we going to do? Well, we do not, of course, need to meet our non-Catholic friends with clenched fists every morning. But we might, from now on, with beneficial results, ignore the "court of last appeal" which is perpetually sitting in judgment on our every act. In this way we may eventually regain our lost independence of action—our freedom.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—This new book on Mexico by Anita Brenner gets fulsome praise from William Soskin reviewing it in the New York Evening Post (September 19). Mr. Soskin introduces Miss Brenner as a dyed-in-the-wool Mexican, born in Aguascalientes; early education in a San Antonio convent, higher studies in the National University under the direction of Manuel Gamio, "a noted Mexican anthropologist." Mention of Señor Gamio lets the cat out of the bag.

Five years ago Señor Gamio wrote an article for the Survey, a résumé of observations made by himself and his coadjutors as servants and savants of the Mexican government. The field surveyed was the "picturesque valley of Teotihuacan." The deductions arrived at were sweeping, it was a social and ethical map of Mexico—as if a surveyor of the swamps of Montezuma made a blue-print of New York. Señor Gamio was anti-Catholic to the core: the Mexican peons were no better off before statues of the saints than were their ancestors worshipping Aztec deities; Christianity had done nothing for the peons—only to send shepherds to shear the sheep, even when the fleece was light. This bit of background is necessary to appraise Miss Brenner's book, and Mr. Soskin's enthusiasm.

That remnants of pagan practices survive is small wonder. The snake dance of the Pueblo Indians was not devised for tourists. The Holiday of Death (death never takes a holiday) which Mr. Soskin claims is a national feast, loses its harm on All Souls Day. There are highbrows in New York who believe in transmigration of souls. May the subways speed their spirits! To quote Mr. Soskin:

"Through the tribal beginnings of the Mexican Indian tribes, through the evolution of their primitive and aesthetically sound civilization, through the futile attempts of the Spanish and of the Church to bury an instinctive religion and art of this people beneath an avalanche of Europeanism and foreign ritualism, Miss Brenner makes her way clearly, lucidly and with a revelatory intelligence. The bloody pageantry of Mexico, the rich-

ness of such events as the Cortez subjugation of Montezuma and all its cruelty and all its significance Miss Brenner sets down with an eloquence these scenes have probably never received before.

"And with her explanations of the land policy, the tribal worship and the artistic impulse in mind, the method by which the Mexican Indian uses the altars of the official Church merely as a kneeling place where he can offer prayer to the idol behind that altar seems a most logical and inevitable one.

"From this rich background, *Idols Behind Altars* is able to approach the contemporary scene with confidence."

Every nation has its superstitions. Wall Street has Friday the 13th. At everybody's table number 13 has to fast. Offices and hotels name floor 13—12 A. Our Christmas tree is a survival. Henry van Dyke's story of *The First Christmas Tree* was not written for anthropologists. Perhaps no country more than Ireland has folk-lore with a pagan basis; and no people were ever more Christian. Chasing the wren on Saint Stephen's Day may be older than the crows. The ghosts in every lonely borean are not souls in Purgatory. Jack O'Lantern, over bogs with phosphorescent head or tail, was a spirit, like the dove of the ark, looking for a place to perch.

Years ago I made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Guadalupe and witnessed the Indians by the thousands lifting eyes and supplicating hands, to the image of *Nuestro Señora*. What pagan lady hid behind the Blessed Virgin?

All tourists going south from the city of Montezuma get off at Cuernavaca. My destination took a day's further travel down into the "tierra caliente." Below Iguala is a pueblo of 1,700 Indians. I said Mass in the sedate Spanish chapel every morning for a week. Did the crowd of kneeling people see behind the table of the altar the monstrous murder stone, which tourists look at in the National Museum? What sacrifice was there, for those poor peons—the blood of Chapultepec, or the Blood of Calvary?

I blessed hundreds of crosses, rosaries, scapulars, medals. Were those sacramentals just souvenirs of pagan charms? I blessed a barrel of holy water. As the Indians carried it away in bottles and in polished tomato cans, Mr. Soskin sniffed and said, "Lustral water"—ablutions from old dead gods, who never die.

REV. PETER MORAN, C.S.P.

SOUTHERN DINNER PAILS

Whiting, Ind.

TO the Editor:—The editorials of *The Commonweal* are the best that any magazine of its kind ever contained. Especially are the editors to be praised for the editorial of the September 4, 1929, issue, under the caption, *Southern Dinner Pails*. That editorial brings all sorts of things to the mind of a person, particularly a Northerner, who has spent some time down beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

Speaking of the South's conditions other than economical or industrial, I must say that most of the blame for its backwardness and bigotry should be nowadays attributed chiefly to the Protestant ministers, than whom there are no bigger fanatical and religiously bigoted human beings on the globe. I had a good chance to watch things down South right at the source during the late presidential campaign. To be sure I availed myself of that opportunity. I very much doubt whether the ordinary white parson there is more enlightened than his Negro colleague in so far as a fundamental knowledge of religion is concerned.

J. J. KONUS.

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The Mass of the Apostles

by Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D.

THIS book appears at a most opportune moment when the liturgy is being discussed on all sides and there is much interest in the history and spirit of the Apostolic age. The author here dusts off the tomes of antiquity to reveal in all its first-born glory the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as it was said by the Apostles and their immediate successors. The Mass of St. Peter is described in detail. The Christianizing of the synagogue services, the catacomb symbols and the origin of various liturgies are subjects which make engrossing reading to everyone. Illustrated.

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## BOOKS

### Mrs. Eddy's Delusions

*Mrs. Eddy, by Edwin Franden Dakin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.*

**T**HE growth of Christian Science during the last half-century of our supposedly materialistic machine age is certainly an amazing phenomenon. It can be best understood through a study of the founder of the cult, Mrs. Eddy herself, in whose person its most important aspects arose to their most intense and characteristic expression. Shortly after the publication of Miss Milmine's valuable biography, all available copies, as well as the plates, of the book were purchased and destroyed. A similar fate has swiftly overtaken several other important documents and studies. Under these circumstances, Mr. Dakin's substantial and thorough volume, a richly documented attempt to expose and explain the facts with fairness and candor, fills a definite need.

Mr. Dakin explains his somewhat misleading subtitle, *The Biography of a Virginal Mind*, as follows: "Hers was the virginal mind which is never married to reality—a mind that, whatever its sorties into the world of experience, always returns to sleep only with its dreams." More brutally stated, this means simply that with Mrs. Eddy the accepted meanings of words, of logic, of truth and of honor often held no force whatever. Whenever she was cornered by apparently irrefutable evidences of her mendacity, according to our mundane standards, she retreated into her own realm of the Absolute, where there was no getting at her. Mr. Dakin makes an overwhelming case of this; but just a few random illustrations will suffice here.

In *Retrospection and Introspection* Mrs. Eddy wrote, "My ancestors, according to the flesh, were from both Scotland and England, my great-grandfather on my father's side being John McNeil of Edinburgh. . . . In the line of my Grandmother Baker's family was the late Sir John MacNeill, a Scotch knight, who was prominent in British politics, and at one time held the position of ambassador to Persia." Mrs. Eddy accordingly used the MacNeill crest on her stationery. Whereupon a Mrs. McAlister of Aberdeen issued the following statement: "I am the only married grandchild of the late Right Honorable Sir John MacNeill, G.C.B., of Edinburgh, 'who was prominent in British politics and ambassador to Persia,' and Mrs. Eddy is certainly not my daughter." Mrs. Eddy countered by calling the whole affair a "misapprehension," and by instructing genealogical writers no longer to take her statement about the MacNeill ancestry "literally." But she continued to use the MacNeill coat of arms.

Less trivial than this incident, and more revealing, is the early history of Mrs. Eddy's mental feats. Christian Science was born in the unmistakable, peculiarly grimy atmosphere of quackery. There is overpowering evidence that Mrs. Eddy acquired her fundamental doctrines and even her characteristic jargon from a certain "Dr." P. P. Quimby, a mental healer. She began her career as his adoring disciple. Later on, when her debt to Quimby threatened to become common knowledge, she repudiated him, calling him "an ignorant mesmerist."

Her career abounded in such evidences of what a naive person might feel tempted to call treachery. When a pupil, Mrs. Corner, attended her own daughter in childbirth with fatal results leading to a criminal prosecution, Mrs. Eddy publicly abandoned her. Intensely amusing is the tale of the Reverend

James Henry Wiggin's collaboration in the rewriting of the illiterate early editions of *Science and Health*, which Mrs. Eddy called *God's Book*. Wiggin's humorous dismay when he perceived his employer's ignorance of grammar, history, philosophy and the classical and Biblical languages (despite her published claim that she was taught these things in her youth) is admirably set forth in his own account of the affair, which Mr. Dakin quotes. On one occasion Wiggin wrote a sermon, *Wayside Hints*, which Mrs. Eddy delivered with immense success and incorporated into *God's Book*. But when Wiggin reasonably claimed it as his own composition, she silently withdrew it. In dismissing a lady from her church, she published the reason for her action as "adultery." When the outraged lady protested against what was apparently a false and libelous charge, Mrs. Eddy calmly informed her that she had "adulterated" *Scientific Truth*. Mrs. Eddy obtained a divorce from her second husband, Dr. Patterson, on grounds of desertion. Like many of her other associates, he had run away when he could no longer endure her tantrums. Later on she allowed it to be understood that she had divorced him for adultery.

Throughout her life Mrs. Eddy was a victim of hysterical attacks, which she accounted for by the claim that her enemies were directing malicious animal magnetism against her. And since even her religion could do little to defend her from these attacks, she was forced to make use of both morphine and physicians. In spite of her denial of pain and evil, she lived a pain-wracked and fear-haunted life. Yet her energy was formidable. To the last, in her retreats at Concord and at Chestnut Hill, this autocratic dictator maintained a fanatically courageous attitude toward an often hostile world—although it did occasionally become necessary for her to clothe another woman in her own costume and send her forth on "Mrs. Eddy's" daily carriage rides, in order to convince the public that Mrs. Eddy was still in possession of her bodily faculties.

Such was the woman who deified herself, who signed telegrams misquoting, Saint Luke, as "Mother Mary," who wrote to Mrs. Stetson in 1900: "Jesus was a man that was a prophet and the best and greatest man that has ever appeared on earth, but Jesus was not Christ, for Christ is the spiritual individual that the eye cannot see. Jesus was called Christ only in the sense that you say a Godlike man. I am only a Godlike woman, God-anointed, and I have done a work that none other could do." Mr. Dakin aptly remarks that her use of that little word "only" is interesting. It is also interesting to note that the incredibly faithful Mrs. Stetson was later expelled for "deifying" both herself and Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Stetson's consistency was apparently not "Scientific."

Mr. Dakin has written his really monumental book in a style that is always lucid and sometimes strong and brilliant. Only occasionally is it repetitious, careless, feeble or immature, though the author completed his immense task within his twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth years. More serious are his philosophical shortcomings. His gravitation toward a flimsy, sentimental pantheism, his altogether lamentable attempts to improvise freely on themes set by Royce, Ouspensky and Dr. Freud, are disturbing, to say the least, to the sympathetic reader. But he is not very often tempted beyond his strength.

His apologies for Mrs. Eddy, obviously the result of a laudable desire not to draw too crude condemnatory inferences from his facts, are entertaining enough. He writes, "She did not even recognize objective truth—for in the dream world there is no standard by which truth can be measured. Only one measure exists there—the measure of the desires. Thus it



Is reunion *desirable*?  
Is it *probable*?  
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## THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM:

*A Survey of the Present Position*

*Edited by*

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The Protestant Churches are represented by Otto Dibelius, Archbishop Söderblom, the Bishop of Winchester, Alfred E. Garvie, J. Scott Lidgett, Alexander Martin, Bishop William T. Manning, Williams Adams Brown, T. Albert Moore, Vedenayakan Azariah, and W. G. Orchard.

The variant positions are summed up in Dr. Orchard's final chapter "A vision of the Reunited Church." \$3.00

## TRUTHS TO LIVE BY

By J. ELLIOT ROSS, C.S.P.

*Introduction by* GLENN FRANK

Father Ross has devoted most of his priestly life to the religious welfare of students in secular colleges and universities. For nine years he taught at the University of Texas. Then he became adviser to Catholic students at Columbia University. At present he teaches in the School of Religion at the University of Iowa.

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## NEXT WEEK

When Aristide Briand proposed a United States of Europe he was most directly referring to an economic, not a political, union. Even this type of unification has been construed by certain Americans as an alliance aimed at the trade of this country. John Carter, in an article entitled *ECONOMIC DISARMAMENT*, discusses a far-reaching inconsistency in economic theory which leads a nation to regard the welfare of other nations as a personal injury and their profits as a personal loss. . . . DR. JOHN A. RYAN will conclude his series of articles on Unemployment in the United States with a paper which analyzes the secondary remedy for chronic and technological unemployment—a shorter work-day or a shorter work-week. . . . The Anglo-Egyptian draft agreement, recently elaborated after conferences between the British Foreign Secretary and the Egyptian Prime Minister, has a direct, though little-recognized, interest for Americans. Pierre Crabitès in *AMERICAN CATHOLICS* and *THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION* outlines the significance of the capitulation of right in Egypt by eleven powers. . . . The strange outcome of a visit to the home of GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO at Carnaccio where the poet has indulged his pseudo-Franciscan whims, is the subject of a sketch which E. M. Almedingen has sent us from England. From Carnaccio to Assisi is an unusual but very plausible spiritual journey. . . . James Clarence Mangan, *MANGAN THE IRISH DREAMER*, is the subject of an essay by Helan Maree Toole which will be of particular appeal to those interested in poetry and the Irish revival in poetry.

was that Mrs. Eddy could even lie to those around her, and be unconscious that she lied. . . . It is wholly doubtful if Mrs. Eddy saw in her secret use of medical services any reflection on her personal character. . . . Mrs. Eddy repaired to doctors without any feeling of the hypocrite, without any thought that she ought to be practising what she preached. She always preached what she believed, that is, what she wanted to believe. She always did what the exigencies of the occasion required. After all, viewed in this aspect, she was not greatly different from the ordinary run of men. Let those without sin cast a stone." And in conclusion, this most extraordinary panegyric: "Hers was the defeat that is often more gallant and magnificent than victory. . . . And indeed it was through her limitations, and not such paltry virtues as some men have wished to shroud her with, that she came finally to comradeship among the great. . . . So it was in her gallant struggle to achieve despite every human limitation that Mary Baker Eddy revealed whatever divinity may glow in man."

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

## Materials of Romance

*The Heart of Hawthorne's Journal; edited by Newton Arvin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.*

THE persistent myth of Hawthorne's morbid nature needs the solvent influence of his delightfully healthy Journal. The sad story of Hawthorne's gloomy reputation is this: most of us are compelled to read him for the first time in grade school, at a time when we are least cordial to his sombre tales and tragic allegories. His procession of dancing skeletons, fatal mirrors, mysterious jewels and blood-stained footprints is a sorry introduction to an author, who, except when he is rewriting the old Greek tales, is speaking to a mature audience about the grimmest, unhappiest things in the world. This is our first impression of the man, and many of us never lose it. It was many years after my unfortunate introduction to Hawthorne that I began to suspect, also, that between the years 1825-1837 he was in a green ferment, that the artist and the man were imperfectly fused, and that this green sick period definitely ended when he left his "chamber under the eaves"—the shaded hermitage that had been his retreat for ten years after leaving college. In 1837 he emerged from his cell, a perfectly integrated personality, into the healthier light of an active life, marriage and comparative success.

The Heart of Hawthorne's Journal, as edited by Mr. Arvin, begins about this time and reveals a sensitive, affectionate, scrupulously observant man of letters, taking copious notes on the life and personalities around him. One is impressed by the even justice, the good temper and directness of these notes. There is no metaphysical moonshine such as we find in Emerson; there is not the slightest trace of morbid introspection or lofty contemplation of abstract generalities. With the exception of a few jotted suggestions for stories, the Journal is for the most part an ingenuous record of a man who meets many famous people, likes them, and wants to be liked by them in return. Manners, in the drawing-room sense, clean linen, and fine houses noticeably impress him. The thing that he remembers about Browning is his plentiful brown hair; Mrs. Browning is much prettier than might be expected, and expostulates gently with Mr. B. when the latter attacks spiritualism. After giving a detailed description of Tennyson's demeanor and attire, Hawthorne decides that he likes him and would enjoy smoking a cigar with him. Harriet Martineau's ear-trumpet,

George Eliot's age, Herman Melville's soiled collar and Mr. Ticknor's magnificent study, are emphatically noted. Mr. Macaulay is very handsome; Barry Cornwall's real name—William Procter—expresses him much better.

Charming, circumstantial, tipped now and then with the novelist's acumen, but never profound or abstractly reasoned, the Journal is a splendid antidote to the widespread impression of Hawthorne's neurotic melancholy. Mr. Arvin is judiciously sparing with comment and scholarly obfuscation. The Journal reveals a Hawthorne who is too little known—a Hawthorne who must be added to the brooding psychological novelist if a just and complete portrait is desired.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

### Joy in Harvest

*Catholic Emancipation, 1829 to 1929; essays by various writers, with an introduction by Cardinal Bourne. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.00.*

THIS autumn has witnessed the widespread celebration in England of the centenary of Catholic Emancipation. The last hundred years have been marked by the impressive progress of English Catholics in all fields of endeavor, spiritual and mundane. The present volume records this advance in thirteen essays from the pens of some of the Church's most distinguished sons and daughters.

Monsignor William Barry opens the series with a charming paper aptly called Joy in Harvest. He directs attention especially to the careers of the great English cardinals and the far-reaching significance of their able leadership. He pauses, however, to deplore one serious mistake of policy, now happily rectified—Manning's unwillingness to allow Catholics to frequent the national universities. "For thirty years we were shut out from Oxford and Cambridge, when religious disabilities no longer existed. The motive was laudable; but experience during another thirty years is a proof that our scholars need not fear peril to their religion under due care. 'This,' says Abbot Butler, 'is exactly what has been done, and in a measure far beyond earlier dreams.' Wiseman's 'grand vision of Catholics entering into all the paths of public life' is in course of fulfilment. To the satisfaction of all concerned, our university question has been solved."

Sir John Gilbert, discussing the topic Education, likewise rejoices in the unhampered presence of Catholic students at both the older and the younger universities. But most of his article is concerned with the story of the successful struggle of Catholic schools for a share in the rates raised for public education.

Papers are devoted to the historic and psychological factors entering into the reserved but intense piety of the English Catholic, and to its practical expression in the increase of vocations to the religious life, especially among women. Sketches of the past and present influence of English Catholic nuns and laywomen reveal melancholy instances of that crucifixion of the pioneer spirit which is to be found in both ecclesiastical and profane history: "Those to whom it is at any time given to see further than their fellow-men, and to find ways not yet explored, or perhaps forgotten, to work God's will, have suffered, as it were, a martyrdom of mind and hope."

The Catholics of England have been doing their share to achieve the musical ideal of the Church, which is the participation of all the faithful in her public offices. There are also inspiring accounts of the part which they play in the public life of their country, their relation to science and their service to

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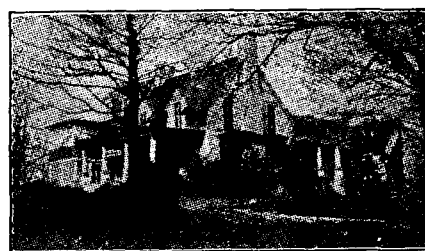
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philanthropy. Father Thurston's characteristically thorough analysis of statistical progress reveals that "the development of Catholicism during the last eighty years has rather more than kept pace with the natural increase to which the vital statistics of the country bear witness." Once more it is revealed that the Church flourishes in an atmosphere of political democracy and civic freedom.

In the closing essay, Mr. Chesterton envisages *The Outlook*. In his inimitable style he calls attention to the disintegration of historic Protestantism and foresees the future conflict between Catholicism and paganism, to which there can be but one issue. This paper is quotable and penetrating and, with the exception of two or three naive allusions to American political and social life, uniformly profound. It is a fitting end to a book which records a great progress and instils a very bright hope.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM McENTEE.

### For Germany

*Stresemann, by Baron von Rheinbaben. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$3.00.*

THIS volume falls into two main sections—Stresemann's life up to the time of the armistice, and his life from then onward. The chapter dealing with the foundation of the German People's party, and that which discloses the parliamentary activity in the five years succeeding the armistice, provide a remarkable picture of the ebb and flow of German politics during those eventful and formative years.

Naturally, there will appear to some a tendency to opportunism in the attitude and utterances of Gustav Stresemann, but those who assert that Stresemann played this rôle forget that, in those post-war days, when discontent in Germany was increased by the misery of lack of funds and lack of work and by the pressure of apparently useless taxation, these aspects of life constituted one of those critical moments in the fortunes of states which require, if indeed they do not compel, the wide use of an understanding spirit. No one political party could in those days suddenly, as with a magician's wand, restore the morale of the German people, or bring back the times of pre-war affluence. It was a situation in which those who were in the mass too weak to contribute anything toward national stability or prosperity, were undoubtedly strong enough to complete the ruin of the German people. Stresemann's claim to Germany's gratitude, and that of the world, lies in the following facts: he carried on the vigorous fight for the stabilization of the German currency and, with the assistance of the banks and others, won. Having eased the economic position of Germany, he advocated the acceptance of the Dawes plan. Not content with these two outstanding and far-reaching results, his handling of the French occupation of the Ruhr extorted the approval of the French ministers.

Gustav Stresemann was fifty-one years old when he died. He had been Chancellor of the German republic, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, leader of the German People's party, signer of the Locarno pact which opened the way to Germany's joining the League of Nations. Such a record is one of which any man or nation might be proud.

The colorful presentation of this man's life owes much to Baron von Rheinbaben's vigorous mind and tactful writing. The book should be read widely because of the opportunity which it presents to study the statesman whom Germany mourns.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

## Briefer Mention

*Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare, by Norman Hapgood.*  
New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

JANET and her sisters will undoubtedly come with greater willingness into the library of their Shakespeare after they have read Mr. Hapgood's reasons for their entrance. Girls of all ages will be interested in his analysis of the great dramatist's heroines as desirable wives, and will be flattered by his restatement of the declaration that "Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines." Boys will like his chapter on Falstaff. Everybody will be interested in the personal opinions uttered at various times by famous actors and actresses and gathered into this book. A great many lovers of Shakespeare, however, will take heated exception to the two chapters, Shakespeare's Moral World, and The Man Himself, in which Mr. Hapgood elaborates his theory that the dramatist's "rock-like morality" had no "basis in definite religion." Many educators, too, will fear the influence of reasoning that concludes: "Is it not rather a glory than a weakness of our post-Darwin era that we have grown away from the morals that had their bulwarks in pious fictions, either about supernatural commands or about the distribution of rewards in this world or another?" No, charming, learned and stimulating though he be, we prefer not to have Mr. Hapgood tell our Janet why she should take up the reading of Shakespeare.

*Scraps of Paper, by Marietta Minnigerode Andrews.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$5.00.

THREE generations have contributed by letters, documents, notes and diaries to this curious scrapbook which Marietta Minnigerode Andrews has brought together. It presents some accounts, notably those extracts from the journal of Mrs. Dulany, which are extremely interesting. But there was obviously no standard of selection employed upon the material, which, because of Mrs. Andrews's illustrious Virginia descent, came so voluminously to hand. The letters from her father, fighting during the Civil War, and her son, fighting in France, are not especially distinguished, concerned as they are with the writer's preoccupation with the material side of what was going on around them. Nor has Mrs. Andrews added anything to her papers by the thread of somewhat flowery comment on which she has strung them. There is an absorbing reminiscence of General Robert E. Lee from the pen of his cousin, Marietta Fauntleroy Powell, and a graphic but gruesome picture of the treatment of Civil War wounded, written by Corporal James Tanner, which provide some of the interesting passages in the book. But these are too few and far between to compensate for the inclusion of such unconnected material as Mrs. Andrews has thrown into print.

*Creative Education at an English School, by J. Howard Whitehouse.* New York: The Macmillan Company.

WHAT the boys of Bembridge School, England, derived from study of the crafts has been set forth agreeably by Mr. Whitehouse in a book valuable particularly for its illustrations. Design in numerous forms awakened in these young hearts a fine, deep appreciation of creative opportunity. One believes the book ought to appeal to American educators, specifically to those engaged in secondary school work, and that it could do much to dissipate excessive confidence in the value of games as opposed to more or less extra-curricular crafts.

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*Farewell to Paradise, by Frank Thiess. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.*

THOUGH a perilous nearness to boredom is likely to characterize the novel of adolescence, with its simple gamut of emotions not yet clearly sounded, one concedes that an artist can get curiously fascinating overtones from these quavering notes. Frank Thiess is an artist. If his book makes capital out of the rudiments of love, seeming occasionally to find nothing in these children of his story excepting the passion of which they may later be capable, it remains an evocation of childhood in transition which is made to contrast bleakly with the emotional ineffectiveness of maturity. The almost pagan animalism which early youth here exudes derives poignancy from the ever-present truth that it must eventually become engrossed in affairs, worn out, obsessed by unfulfilled responsibilities. The contour of the narrative is slightly blurred, nor is the aim very high. As a prelude to more serious consideration of human growth the book is, however, interesting and impressive.

*English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century, by A. S. Turberville. New York: The Oxford University Press.*

MANY a good book has been written about English life in the eighteenth century, but one is deeply convinced that Mr. Turberville's must take precedence over them all. It is a comprehensive view, passing leisurely from political events to the world of fashion, from farming and manufacturing to the universities, from artistic endeavor to the building of the empire. The judgments are uniformly sane and restrained; and the century as a whole is described not as an "era of rationalism" nor as "the greatest epoch in history," but as a time of manifold virtues and shortcomings. Mr. Turberville has brought together a wealth of judiciously selected details, nearly all of which seem to fit snugly into the frame he has provided. Even the numerous illustrations which accompany the text testify to wide and humanized knowledge of the material. This is, in short, so good a volume that no library which seeks to provide the right kind of "background books" will be without it.

*It's All Right, by Inez Specking. St. Louis: Herder Book Company. \$2.00.*

WE have already praised Miss Specking's work. What Else Is There?, which appeared just before the novel under consideration, seemed to contain the earnest of better things to come in the shape of a deepened sense of both character and issues in the field of Catholic fiction. It's All Right, unfortunately, does not lend itself to the same prophecy. It seems to have been hastily written, and still more hastily planned, and it is much too trivial in theme ever to merit consideration with its predecessor.

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